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COMMENT OF THE DAY

C.M.U. Exhibition

THE 12th exhibition of Hongkong products opened on Thursday by His Excellency the Governor may be described as the shop window of the Colony's industry, a growing virile industry which is expanding and developing every year and which, this year, sent three times as many exports from our shores as in 1947. And this growth is apparent to all who make the annual visit to the exhibition. No less than 132 extra stalls have been added this year and the area of the show ground has been enlarged by 33,000 square feet. This is in itself a reflection of the expansion of local industry in the Colony. Yet the exhibition is not to be regarded simply as an occasion for self-congratulation, a colourful supplement to Yuletide festivities or a massive display advertisement for local producers. Delegations from all over Southeast Asia will be visiting the Colony during the next month, some specifically to see the exhibition, others to attend a United Nations trade committee meeting and in the latter case it is indeed a fortunate coincidence that the two events should coincide.

For it is essential for a young industry ever searching for new markets to publicise its wares regularly to prospective overseas buyers. In this respect the Chinese Manufacturers Union exhibition, and the Hongkong displays at overseas trade fairs together with the work of visiting trade delegations from the Colony will do much to inform the world of the goods we have to offer.

IN his official opening speeches on Thursday the Governor said it was desirable to establish in Hongkong a body of skilled industrial planners and managers. He also felt that manufacturers should consider development of new products, new designs and new packaging of their goods. These observations are timely and deserve serious consideration by our manufacturers. Today the Colony's industry has almost completed the "pioneering" stage of initial formation, and establishment of overseas markets (although there is still much room for expansion); the second stage envisages consolidation of markets and with it the need to keep abreast of the latest production developments and manufacturing processes. For it is only by exhibiting its adaptability and an ability to meet the demands of a fast-changing world that Hongkong will be able to maintain the trade it has built up so laboriously in recent years. Our small industry will possibly never be able to afford the luxury of complacency. This is as well for it is only by tenacity and a strong sense of purpose and determination that it will break fresh ground in the world markets. The exhibition should give our producers the necessary encouragement to improve and expand still further.

MR FRANCE: 'DOWN BUT NOT OUT'

Saturday Mail Features

Here is a guide to your week-end reading:

P. 5: Prehistoric Ghosts Walk at Christmas by A.J. Forrest.

P. 6: Giles cartoon; Bob Monkhouse and Dennis Goodwin, two of Radio's topliners, advise how to write your own jokes; How good is your memory? Highlights of the year are recalled in a story where you have to fill in the blanks in the narrative.

P. 7: Secrets of International Crime.

P. 8: Leonard Mosley suggests you find a lonely person, and share your cheer with him this Christmas; Santa still is the favourite pin-up for Christmas card designers.

P. 9: Fabulous Lady . . . concluding Nancy Spain's story of Gertrude Lawrence.

P. 10: Les Armour reports a conversation in which George, the cast-iron lion from Trafalgar Square, the Fearsome Gargoyle from the top of a Whitehall Ministry, and the Sphinx from the Embankment, discuss showing Christian charity and promoting goodwill; Don't forget the Christ in Christmas, by the Rev. P.B. (Tubby) Clayton, founder of Toc H, and Chaplain to the Queen.

P. 15: Margery Allingham's crime thriller "On Christmas Day in the Morning."

STOP PRESS

Second Test

Sydney, Dec. 18.

England claimed the first victim of the day when Graveney made a good catch behind the wicket from Les Favell off Bailey, when the second Test resumed here today.

Favell's contribution was 26, and the score was 65 for two.

Conditions were described as ideal, with the light good and very little wind. The wicket was said by commentator to be "drier than yesterday."

Bailey's two wickets so far have cost only 18 runs. —Reuter.

Move To Avert Crisis Until After Paris Treaties Are Ratified

BUT PREMIER DOOMED

Paris, Dec. 17.

The French Premier, M. Mendes-France, whose Government was defeated on the Indo-China budget earlier tonight, was, in the words of political observers, "down but not out". He made a quick recovery to get the National Assembly to agree to immediate reconsideration of the controversial budget by a vote of 298 to 289.

But the Premier's appeal for reconsideration of the budget met with only a qualified response.

The new version of the Indo-China budget, which the Government submitted following the Assembly's rejection of the original budget yesterday, was turned down after only 40 minutes' consideration by the Finance Commission early today.

The Assembly, therefore started the debate on the new Indo-China budget with an unfavourable recommendation from the Finance Commission. This did not mean the Assembly would necessarily vote against the budget at the end of the debate.

The Prime Minister, it was understood, might make the adoption of this budget a matter of confidence. If he did the vote would be postponed until after midnight Saturday.

The defeat of the Government earlier on the Indo-China chapter of the 1955 budget followed a short debate in which M. Mendes - France repudiated accusations by Government critics that the French Government had mishandled the situation in Indo-China and that the Vietnam Republic was in danger of falling into Communist hands.

The hostile vote was part of a move by the parliamentary opposition to get the final discussion of the Indo-China budget postponed until after the debate of the ratification of the Paris agreements which will take place next Monday and the two following days.

The Opposition are seeking an opportunity to overthrow the Government once the Paris agreements debate has been got out of the way.

The Government retort to this manoeuvre was to force a decision on the Indo-China budget this week—that is to say before discussion on the Paris agreements.

VERY DANGEROUS

Although the Government is expected to survive today's opposition manoeuvre, the anti-Government vote on the Indo-China budget showed that the combined Conservative and Popular Republican hostility to M. Mendes-France has reached proportions very dangerous to the government's existence. Few lobby observers were willing to wager that the Government would survive to the end of the year.

Other signs of Parliamentary discontent came today when the Finance Commission and the National Defence Commission of the French Assembly adopted votes unfavourable to the Paris agreements. These votes were intended as indications of French annoyance over the German Parliament's reaction to the Franco-German Saar agreement. At the same time, however, they also indicated that Parliamentary support for M. Mendes-France was weakening.

The prevailing view in Parliamentary and diplomatic quarters here tonight remained unaltered that the Paris agreements will be ratified, but at the same time the view was steadily gaining ground that the Mendes-France Cabinet would be overthrown very shortly afterwards.

STRONG DETERMINATION

The Soviet threat to terminate the Franco-Soviet treaty has on the whole strengthened the determination of the French Parliament to ratify the Paris agreements. "It will add at least 20 votes to the pro-ratification majority," several members of the Assembly said tonight.

M. Mendes-France announced last night in the National Assembly that he was having a "very important" meeting with Mr John Foster Dulles and Sir Anthony Eden tomorrow (Saturday) on Far Eastern policy in general and on Indo-China in particular.

"I want the support of the Assembly tonight in order to help me to defend France's point of view at the meeting with our Allies tomorrow."—Reuter.

SPY TRIAL BEGINS AT OLD BAILEY

Clerk's Alleged Contact With Soviet Embassy In London

London, Dec. 17.

All evidence was given in secret at the Old Bailey today at the trial of a 27-year-old clerk, who is alleged to have admitted spying for the Russians.

The clerk on trial under the Official Secrets Act is Kapan Clarence. Four charges against him say he obtained and recorded information and an official code word about England's East coast anti-aircraft defences.

The trial was adjourned until Monday — when evidence will still be in camera to prevent defence secrets leaking out.

ADMISSION

Before the court was cleared, the prosecutor, Attorney-General Sir Gerald Manningham Buller, said that Clarence had admitted to police officers that he had been "working and spying for the Soviet Union."

The prosecutor said Clarence had left a briefcase in the stall from which he sold books in a market place at Carford, London.

Handed over to the police, the briefcase was found to contain a sheet of blue paper. The document was headed "Embassy Soviet Union". Writing on it gave a secret code word and information about anti-aircraft sites and defences.

Clarence had been employed in 1953 at the headquarters of an anti-aircraft regiment at Whitley Bay, Northumberland.

The clerk, according to the prosecutor, told the police who interviewed him that he had called at the Soviet Embassy in London in 1952 and offered his services in any capacity. He claimed he had been asked to spy on Russian refugees in Britain and had reported at regular intervals to a Soviet attache named Barabanov.

Clarence is conducting his own defence despite the advice of the judge to get himself a lawyer. Before the jury was picked today, he wrangled at length over a list of witnesses he wanted to be called in his defence. They included the General Secretary of the British Communist Party, Mr Harry Pollitt.—Reuter.

B.E.A. Sack 315 Engineers

London, Dec. 17.

British European Airways today dismissed 315 of their engineering staff of 1,285 at London airport's engineering maintenance base, "following an unauthorised mass meeting held at the base in flagrant defiance of a management ruling".

A BEA statement said: "At this meeting, contrary to the advice of trade union leaders, a resolution was passed, proposing a ban on overtime and a "go-slow".

"The dispute arose from the refusal of BEA's management to grant to the Trade Union Secretary of the Local Joint Committee, Mr J. Peters, unrestricted freedom to move about the base to undertake shop steward activities on a full time paid basis within working hours.

FOREMEN TOLD

"BEA's management had offered Mr. Peters two and a half hours paid time on each working day for his trade union activities, with more by arrangement in exceptional circumstances."

A BEA spokesman said the ruling that men at the base were not to leave their work to attend unauthorised mass meetings had been passed to foremen who were told that any men who disobeyed would be reported.

The meeting was held and Mr Peter Masefield, chief executive of BEA, decided that the time had come to take a firm stand. He ordered the men to be dismissed.

SUMMARY DISMISSAL

It was summary dismissal on the grounds of misconduct," the spokesman said. The 315 men—a quarter of the total engineering staff—received notice when they returned from lunch and were paid off this afternoon.

As engineers, fitters, riggers and electricians, they were employed at the base to keep the nationalised airlines fleet of turbo-prop Viscount and pressurised Elizabethans in the air. The spokesman said it would be impossible to tell until Monday what effect the dismissals would have on services.—Reuter.

Train Crash Victims Like 'Living Torches'

Algiers, Dec. 17.

Soldiers dragged passengers blazing like "living torches" from the flaming wreckage of a railcar which collided with a troop train today between Kroub and Ouled Rahmon, near Constantine, in eastern Algeria.

Fifteen bodies, 11 of them charred, had been taken from the wreckage by tonight. Four soldiers were injured, one seriously.

The number of civilian injured was not known. Four badly burned passengers — a European railway official and three North Africans—were taken to hospital.—Reuter.

Admiral Dies After Fall

London, Dec. 17.

One of Britain's leading wartime defence planners, Admiral Sir Wilfred Patterson, died in a hospital here today after falling downstairs at Australia House last night.

The Admiral, 60, was chief planner of Britain's wartime "D-Day" landings in Normandy and suggested coastal defence against flying bombs and took part in the 1,750-mile death hunt of the German battleship Bismarck.

Last night he was found unconscious on the marble stairs of Australia House. His skull was fractured. He is believed to have collapsed and fallen downstairs as he went to fetch his hat after attending an Australian joint services Christmas reception.—China Mail Special.

Designer Of Kowloon Hospital Honoured

London, Dec. 17.

Mr John Murray Easton, Scottish architect, who is planning a new hospital for Kowloon, Hongkong, and university buildings for Malaya, has been awarded the 1955 Royal Gold Medal for Architecture, it was announced today.

The Medal is awarded by Queen Elizabeth on the recommendation of the Royal Institute of British Architects, of which Mr Easton is a Fellow and a former Vice-President.—China Mail Special.

Meet A L/B Pooch Of Cardigan Bay

Meet A L/B Pooch of H.M.S. Cardigan Bay. Yes that's Pooch in the picture below; not the sailor, the dog. What does A L/B stand for? That's her rank, but read on:

A small white and brown terrier, "Pooch" is nearly nine years old and has spent almost eight of them on board. Her pedigree is uncertain; her ancestry is unknown. She is the oldest member of the ship's company and she "signed on" in the rather unusual way of just wandering on board at Istanbul in 1946 and refusing to leave. At first she was given the rank of "Baby Bitch" but has since been promoted to the higher rank of "Acting Leading Bitch".

She has a uniform too: it is navy blue and carries two badges of good conduct. It was made by a Chinese tailor in Hongkong. She also has a white summer uniform. She has been awarded three medals of which she is very proud, "The Naval General Service Medal," "The Korea Medal" and the "United Nations Service Medal."

WENT A.W.O.L.

Her only breach of good conduct was at Kure where she went A.W.O.L. and got left behind. The Hospital Ship Maine, however, picked her up and she was returned safely, but it cost her one of her good conduct badges.

Pooch is a great "snob" and gives most of her attention to the Captain. She generally sleeps in his cabin but sometimes pays a visit to the ward room, where she gets her meals.



A L/B Pooch and her guardian.

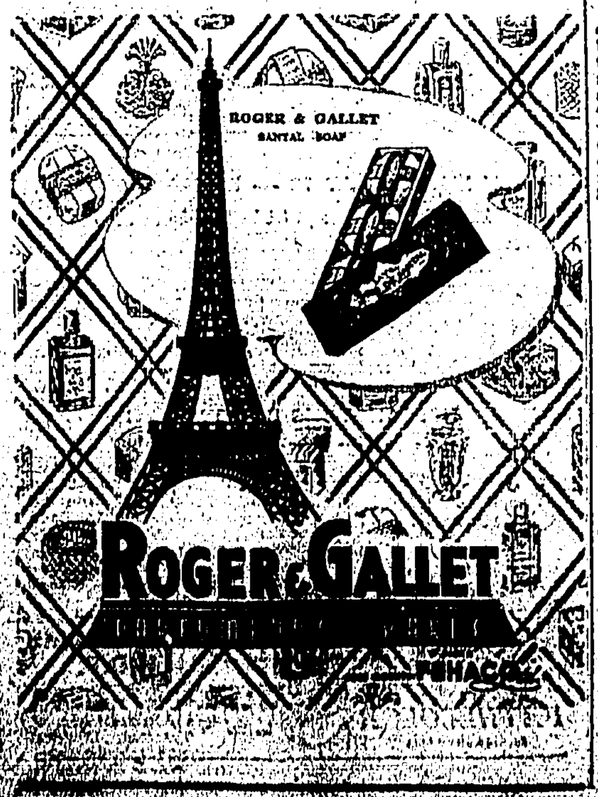
Her main hobby is watching sports, and since she has been in Hongkong she has seen her shipmates play football and hockey. Pooch also loves climbing, and the steep ladders in the ship present no difficulty.

Her divisional officer is Sub-Lieutenant Duncan, but her immediate guardian is Able Seaman Mason, who keeps her uniform clean and brushes her when necessary.

AN ESCORT NOW

She takes each change of crew in her stride, and soon attaches herself to them. She is a great favourite with the sailors and as she has run of the ship, she comes in for a lot of petting and fuss.

Since going A.W.O.L. at Kure, Pooch is not allowed ashore without an escort. But it's not really necessary for she's reconciled to her life on board now and she wouldn't give up the Cardigan Bay for all the trees in the world—or all the bones in Smithfield market!





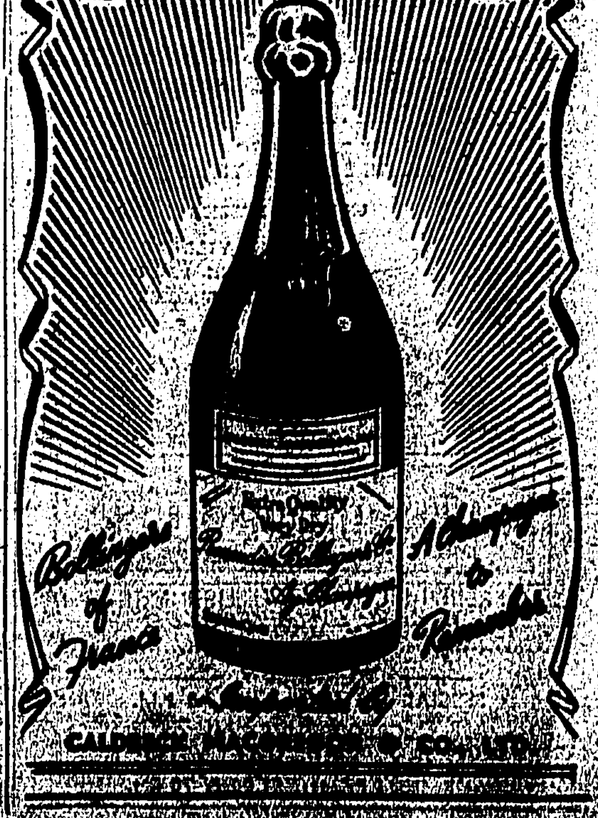
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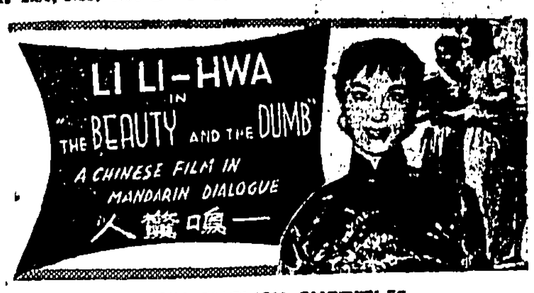


KING'S · PRINCESS

The theatre managements highly recommend this picture as the best Chinese comedy of the year. You'll find it most enjoyable and entertaining.

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in
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THE MOST ROMANTIC FRENCH PICTURE OF THE YEAR!
UN FILM DE MAURICE CLOCHE
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SPECIAL MATINEE AT 12.30 P.M.
GREGORY PECK in
"ONLY THE VALIANT"
At Reduced Prices: $1.00 & 70 Cts.

FILMS—CURRENT AND COMING

By JANE ROBERTS

Most of the cinemas are taking a deep breath before launching themselves full tilt into their Christmas attractions; and very varied these attractions are. The KING'S, PRINCESS and EMPIRE will be showing an out and out comedy, the ROXY and BROADWAY an historical romance and the HOOVER a swashbuckler.

The QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA's picture will be a combination of the latter two while the CAPITOL and LIBERTY have a musical and the LEE and GREAT WORLD a wartime story set in Burma.

But first the current scene. A Chinese picture is at the KING'S and PRINCESS, to be followed by Glynis Johns in "The Weak and the Wicked". The Christmas comedy at these two theatres, in which they'll be joined by the EMPIRE, will be Martin and Lewis' "Living it Up". "The Black Shield of Falworth" will follow for the New Year.

The QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA are reviving "Don Juan", with "The Black Knight" from the 23rd until the end of the year.

"A Woman's World" finishes today at the ROXY and BROADWAY and then "The Robe" comes back for a few days before the big show "Desiree". Each of the four stars of "Desiree" — Marlon Brando, Jean Simmons, Merle Oberon and Michael Rennie is a powerful name in the cinema world and this should be worth seeing.

Light comedy is at the LEE and the GREAT WORLD in the form of "Francis Joins the Wacs" and then, rather earlier than most of the other theatres, they start their holiday show — "The Purple Plain". In time for New Year will be a French picture dealing with an episode in the life of Marguerite de Valois called "La Reine Margot".

"Knights of the Round Table" is being repeated at the CAPITOL and LIBERTY, with "The Student Prince" the Christmas musical.

"Star of India" will be at the HOOVER during the holidays, "Witness to Murder" carrying on until then. Between "Star of India" and the New Year picture "Apache" will come "Crimes of Paris".

"The Weak and the Wicked" was directed by the man who made "The Yellow Balloon," the British picture which gained such good notices in the American papers. J. Lee-Thompson is responsible for the screenplay as well as the direction of "The Weak and the Wicked" and he's made it a good, interesting insight into the life led by women prisoners in England.

Most of the cast are women and the reasons for their being behind bars are explained in flashbacks. The main part of the film deals with their life in prison, however, and the characters are well contrasted.

Glynis Johns has been sentenced for having been mixed up in an insurance fraud case, but in actual fact has been framed because of her inability to pay a gambling debt.

Diana Dors is in for a theft committed by her boy friend, while some of the others these two have to mix with are thieves, bigamists and murderesses.

Not all the picture is grim, in spite of the well communicated horror of being behind bars. There are two amusing characters in Athene Seyler and her shoplifting friend, Sybil Thorndike. John Gregson has the principal male part.

SWASHBUCKLING

"Don Juan" is not new but it's rather fun to enjoy its enormous palace scenes and realise that the whole thing was made without the aid of CinemaScope. We've come to feel, over the last year or so, that whenever an appearance of exceptional width, depth or height has been achieved it must be attributable to the use of one of the new processes. How quickly do we forget some of the Greats of the past.

Viveca Lindfors is Errol Flynn's leading lady in "Don Juan". Not having seen her for some time I'd forgotten how fascinating is her accent and, though not beautiful, how attractive she is.

The episode in the life of the famous lover that we see in this picture concerns his misunderstood attempts to be a good boy and make secure the throne of Spain.

In much the same role vis-a-vis Queen Margaret of Spain as he had when playing Essex to Bette Davis' Queen Elizabeth, he champions her against the ambitious power-seeking faction at the Court.

As busy as he is with affairs of State though, he still finds time to have a short but sweet bit of dalliance with Polly Benedict on the eve of her wedding — to somebody else, of course.

It's great swashbuckling stuff, with Don Flynn leaping from balcony to balcony and Alan Hale standing by for emergencies. "Husband," shouts Flynn, appearing at a third floor window—"Horses," advises Hale on the ground pointing to the object, his foresight has provided; "Hero," counters Flynn jumping from window to saddle in one graceful curve.

My favourite villain, Raymond Burr, is a sadistic captain in the Spanish Army (you may remember him from "Passion" as the policeman) and in the same good-looking villain class is black-browed Robert Douglas.

Max Steiner was responsible for the music in "Don Juan" and it's worth letting your mind stray from the excitement for a moment or two in order to give it the consideration it deserves!

• • •

The fifth of the "Francis the Mule" series is "Francis Joins the Wacs" and if you liked the previous ones you're sure of being happy with the latest. I've read that this is the last Donald O'Connor will make with his talkative friend and the studio seems to have gone all out to make it a memorable farewell.

Among the younger beauties in the picture you'll find Mamie Van Doren and Julia Adams while representing slightly more mature good looks is Lynn Bari. For laughs there are Zasu Pitts and Chill Wills and breezing through the whole thing with his delightfully slick brand of nonsense is Donald O'Connor.

You can leave your mind at home and go and relax at "Francis Joins the Wacs".

FOR HIS CAT

A husband and wife team appear in "Star Of India"—Cornel Wilde and Jean Wallace. No matter how much you may admire this loyalty and wish to keep the romance in the family, it's inclined to decrease the drama of the love scenes and is not a good practice in general.

However, although Cornel Wilde gets his good lady in the end, it's not before the alluring eyes of Yvonne Sanson (an Italian actress playing Madame de Montespan) have looked him over pretty thoroughly.

The bad old days of ugly villains seem luckily to have vanished and the wicked Governor of Languedoc, with his taste for Siamese cats, Mandarin robes and statues of the Indian goddess Siva is none other than Herbert Lom.

What a pity that they have to make this actor such a brooding, melancholy fellow always. He's got a lot of the younger Charles Boyer about him and in spite of being the victim of continual type casting is a first rate actor.

But to return to "Star of India"; nearly everybody in the cast has a reason for wanting to get their hands on the fabulous sapphire, some from good motives and the rest from bad. As you should know by now, there are no half measures in a swashbuckler.

King Louis XIV wants it for Madame de Montespan (Louis is played by Basil Sydney), Herbert Lom wants to adorn his cat, Cornel Wilde wants it for Jean Wallace who in turn wants it for an aged Dutchman. In the background are the teeming millions of India itself to whom the stone is an important symbol in their religion. They too would like it back.

Strangely enough, although the entire picture takes place in Languedoc, location shots for it were taken in Northern Italy. Apparently the Italian castles are more photogenic.

• • •

The romantic adventures of three couples are followed in "Nuits Andalouses", three of the six being French and three Spanish. It's a light-hearted affair with some lovely photography in Gevacolor, fiesta scenes, bullfighting and plenty of *l'amour* and it's on at the EMPIRE.

'Animal Farm' Comes To The Screen

By LEONARD MOSLEY



One of the pleasant things about my job as Film Critic is the encouragement it gives famous producers, directors, or stars to ring me up and say:

"I've just finished my latest epic. No one else has seen it yet. I'd like you to be the first, so can you come along?"

There is a snag, of course. As soon as the film is over I have to turn to the man who made the film and tell him exactly what I think about it—and often I don't think much. When the producer is convinced he has a winner that can be embarrassing.

There was no need for embarrassment one night last week though.

For in a small private cinema in the West End a young British couple named John Halas and Joy Batchelor let me be the first to see their exciting, just-completed film called ANIMAL FARM.

It is a full-length colour cartoon film based on a famous fable by the late George Orwell. And it is something special for you to look forward to.

A NAPOLEON

Until now Walt Disney has been master of the big cartoon film, with "Snow White," "Cinderella," and "Peter Pan" to his credit.

Halas and Batchelor, working for three years from a studio in Soho, have shown they can match him in technique and produce a film not like his, intended primarily for children, but one that will appeal to infants and adults, blockheads and egg-heads alike.

"Animal Farm," which cost £150,000 to make, is the story of what happens when the animals rebel against their tyrannical master and drive him away. They get down to working the farm themselves and look forward to seven years of peace and prosperity.

They coin maxims for a happy life, including one which says "No animal shall kill another animal," and another which says "All animals are equal."

But along comes the villain of the film, a jam-swilling, gluttonous, belching brute of a pig called Napoleon. With the help of a blustering, bullying

called Snowball and a pack of ravenous black dogs he makes himself dictator of Animal Farm.

When any animal opposes him he sets the dogs on him—and then changes Maxim No. 1 to: "No animal shall kill another animal—except when necessary."

Soon he has turned all the other animals on the farm into slaves, and created a privileged class to which only pigs are allowed to belong. And Maxim No. 2 he changes to: "All animals are equal—except that some animals are more equal than others."

A DONKEY

What a splendid film this is. It is funny, and has a delicious baby duck, some fatuous hens and sheep, and a wonderful donkey for light relief. It is lyrical and heroic. It is also terrifying, horrifying, and grim.

And what about the pair who made it?

John Halas is a Hungarian-born artist in his early thirties who came to London before the war. He met a blonde English cartoonist named Joy Batchelor and married her. They live on Hampstead Heath with their three children.

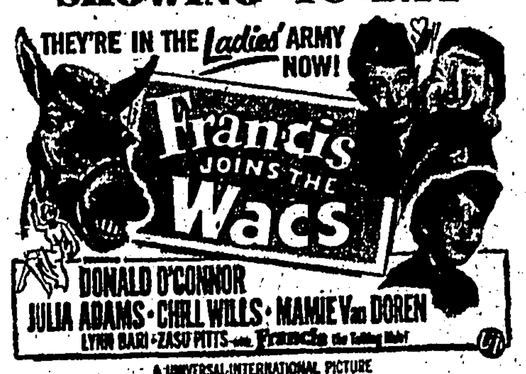
They have made plenty of famous short cartoon films, and have just returned from New York, where they did cartoon sequences for Cinerama's Edition No. 2.

"Animal Farm" is their first full-length job. All the technicians who helped them on it were British. Their financial backers were American.

These backers (who saw "Animal Farm" for the first time, too, the same night) are so impressed with the film that they have promised £200,000 to Halas and Batchelor for a follow-up. It will be a colour cartoon version of "Pilgrim's Progress."

LEE · GREAT WORLD

DAILY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.
SHOWING TO-DAY



A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PICTURE

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ENGLAND v. GERMANY
at LEE THEATRE only

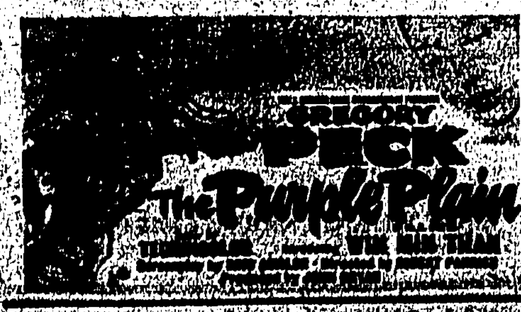
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Walt Disney's Colour Cartoons

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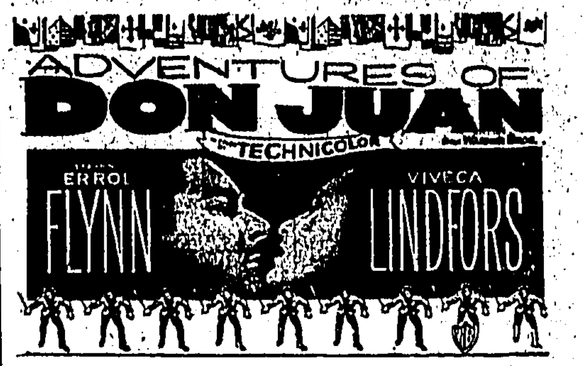
CHRISTMAS ATTRACTION



QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 p.m. | 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.

★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★



• TO-MORROW MORNING SHOWS •

QUEEN'S
5 SHOWS
"Adventures of Don Juan"
EXTRA PERFORMANCE
AT 11.30 A.M.

ALHAMBRA
Burt Lancaster in
"TEN TALL MEN"
Columbia Picture in Technicolor
Reduced Prices:
$1.50, $1.00 & 70 Cts.

ROXY & BROADWAY

TO-DAY & TO-MORROW ONLY
AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.



ADDED ATTRACTION! "THE CINEMASCOPE PARADE" In TECHNICOLOR

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW
AT 12.00 NOON

ROXY
Michael Rennie
Patricia Neal
in
"THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL"
A 20th Century-Fox Picture

BROADWAY
A SELECTED PROGRAMME OF TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS
Presented by
20th Century-Fox

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Roxy: $1.50, $1.00 & 70 Cts. Broadway: $1.20 & 70 Cts.

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To Commemorate the 1st Anniversary of CINEMASCOPE Showing in Hongkong
We Take Pleasure in Bringing Back the Following Four 20th Century-Fox Super-productions:

Monday, 20th Dec. Tuesday, 21st Dec. — "THE ROBE" "DEMETRIUS AND THE GLADIATORS"
Wednesday, 22nd Dec. Thursday, 23rd Dec. — "PRINCE VALIANT"
ROXY: "RIVER OF NO RETURN"
BROADWAY: "KING OF THE KHYBER RIFLES"

HOOVER

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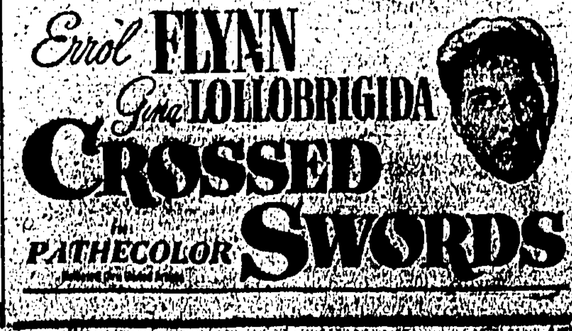


SUNDAY MORNING AT 12 — REDUCED ADMISSION
20th Century-Fox COLOR CARTOONS

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AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

America Spends Billions To Solve Her Traffic Problems

New York.

American cities are locked in a monumental traffic jam and it is going to cost billions of dollars to untangle it.

A staggering sum already has been spent on expressways and parkways, underpasses and overpasses, new bridges and viaducts, and municipal parking lots. But city streets are still choked with cars. Finding a parking place is still a difficult proposition in the business district of most American cities.

A survey of 20 major cities indicates that traffic officials are frantically trying to keep up with the demand for more and more parking space and faster and smoother traffic arteries. But almost everywhere, the cities are running behind.

Parking Meters

Only one city—Indianapolis—reported any kind of satisfaction about the traffic problem. There, the city has kept pace with its growth by invoking one-way traffic on certain streets by use of parking meters, by providing private and public parking lots as the demand arose.

But in other metropolitan areas, there are traffic bottlenecks that could not be eliminated by simple one-way streets and such seemingly simple formulae as adopted by Indianapolis.

Motorists creep like snails through downtown Boston. Atlanta admits its traffic problem is bad and growing worse. Los Angeles and Pittsburgh describe their dilemma as "acute." Philadelphia wants to get rid of its trolleys, but then what will happen to the people who ride trolleys?

Hudson River Tunnel

New York built the Lincoln tunnel under the Hudson River 17 years ago to make it easier for cars to get into Manhattan. Now a parking lot is being built near the New Jersey entrance to try to get motorists to stay out of Manhattan.

The traffic volume has increased 80 per cent since 1941 in Washington, D.C., a city laid out carefully 150 years ago by a French engineer who had never heard of a one-way street and expected an eventual population of 100,000. Washington's population now is more than 800,000.

Milwaukee rejoiced last year when major league baseball moved to town, but now it is wondering what to do about the fact that the baseball stadium draws even more cars to the most congested part of the town.

Mr Howard F. Ilgner, Milwaukee traffic engineer, put his city's problem in simple terms: "It's the same as in other cities. There are just too many vehicles for the streets we have."

54 Million Vehicles

In 1945, 31,035,000 cars and trucks were registered in the United States. This year the registration stood at 54,495,000.

The car industry expects to produce 5,800,000 new cars and trucks next year. About 3,000,000 old vehicles will be wrecked or junked, according to industry estimates, and the result will be a gain of more than 2,000,000 in the number of cars in operation.

Almost every city has a full-time traffic engineer trying to untangle the snarl and keep it from getting worse. The solutions the engineers come up with are varied. Most of them cost money.

"Belt" Highway

Chicago has spent $27,500,000 for downtown parking facilities in the past two years. New York's traffic commissioner is asking for $10,000,000 next year for city parking lots and garages. Pittsburgh is spending $200,000,000 on expressways, bridges and other projects, and Boston is building a "belt" highway encircling the city at a cost of more than $400,000,000.

The problem is one of too many cars and not enough streets, but it falls into two principal fields—how to keep traffic moving and where to put cars when they are parked.—United Press.

SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



"How much are those little gold stars the teachers use?"

How Students Have Changed

Iowa City.

Author John Dos Passos says today's college students are "much less frantic" than they were in his days.

Dos Passos, who attended Harvard from 1916 to 1919, said undergraduates are now "more level-headed, but a little apathetic towards politics and the contemporary scene."

He told a University of Iowa audience that his own thinking has "made a 180-degree change."

He called Communism "a great danger to all things we desire" and said it is "puzzling" why some people are still attracted to it "after its clear failure in so many parts of the world." - United Press

More Than 30,000 Letters For Santa Claus Already

Copenhagen.

"Dear Father Christmas, please send me a space suit, if you can, some plastic scissors and some magic bubbles, some sweets and two tins of tomato soup for Puss-Puss. Lots of love for Nigel Woodburn. P. S. I am six years old, Puss is two."

This is a typical example of the thousands of letters posted these days in British and American letterboxes addressed to Santa Claus, Snow House, Greenland, Denmark.

The majority come from Britain. Some of the letters carry the correct fourpence foreign postage, but most of them less, and quite a number simply carry mini-stamps from a "Christmas Postman Set."

Six-year-old John Weeds of London gave the world an example of how to cut expensive postage accounts by posting his letter to Santa Claus with a stamp of his own production, neatly ornated with a drawing of Queen Elizabeth II wearing a multi-pointed crown.

Identity Disclosed

Nevertheless all letters seem to reach their mysterious destination unfailingly, and the Postmaster General evidently competes with Father Christmas in gentleness.

Whether the boys' and girls' letters are addressed to Santa Claus in Snowland, Toyland, Fairyland, Greenland, Iceland, or Lapland, they all arrive at the same Copenhagen address: The Danish Tourist Association whose staff in co-operation with dozens of volunteer "Father Christmases" work over-time till Christmas eve in order to answer the children's calls.

This year the steady flow of letters to Santa Claus has already topped previous records with 30,000 letters so far. Every year the Government sets off a five cypher amount for the printing of stationery to answer this correspondence. All work is done by volunteers in private firms or households. To preserve the illusion of Santa's existence, all envelopes are handwritten.

Replies Sent

In reply each child receives a bulky envelope containing a facsimile handwritten message from Santa Claus, a fairy tale by Hans Christian Andersen and a collection of pictures from Santa's home in Greenland and his Arctic way of life.

All kinds of toys are listed in cute, clumsy letters, but this year lots of children seem more martial than before in their Christmas wishes.

Almost a record was set by seven-year-old Raymond Clark of London who listed as his foremost wishes; "A tank that shoots smoke, a belt with two holsters and two guns, hand cuffs with a key, a gun with dummy bullets and a police car." In return he concluded his letter by promising to be a good boy.

Evidently the children have no doubt about Santa's existence at all. Little Marie Seymour of Belfast even believes more in him than in her father, when he puts on his white beard—"My daddy tells me he is Santa Claus, but I know he is only lotting on, as I heard you taking off in a helicopter on our sunshine roof last year in Malta. We had no chimneys for you to come down...."

Toys and Books?

Something for something. Tiny Scotsman John McGinley writes ... "Dear Santa, I and my brother Brian are asking God to make all the sick children well. Please may we then have some toys and books for Christmas? Cheerie."

Does Santa buy his toys in a Co-op or does he use a Marks & Spencer store? Penny Hasler from Leatherhead thinks the Co-op ... "In the Co-op I saw a nice desk with a lift up top and a pot for ink. Please can I have one? I will leave you a flask of hot tea on Christmas Eve."

A well-meaning Mummy in Glasgow simply gives a business like appeal to Santa: "Father Christmas, Greenland. Dear Sir, will you please send to the following children ...(names)... Yours Faithfully Mrs Kow." Master Gillian Arscott of Worthing has a sensible Daddy... "Daddy said that you are not so well off this year, and I must not expect too much this year...."

Some For Rudolph

An entire school class near Romford overflowed Santa's office with individual letters richly decorated with Christmas trees.

Valerie Billeta of London, is a thoughtful little girl: She finished her letter with X X X X (kisses) to Santa Claus and X X X X (more kisses) for Rudolph the Reindeer.

This genuine concern for Rudolph is universal. Thousands of letters promised him as many gallons of hot English tea, slices of mince pie, apples, sweets and chocolates, so that he may complete his all-important journey over the chimney pots.

Mr Megens Litchenburg, chief of the Tourist Association, said that the funds set aside for Santa Claus letters may not be sufficient this year. Therefore, they may give preference to letters equipped with charity stamps helping TB patients, and other letters will then be answered in turn afterwards. — United Press.

Now You Can Get Food *Dehydrofrozen*

Washington.

Agriculture Department scientists last week praised a new food processing method called 'dehydrofreezing."

They said the process, developed at the Western regional research laboratory, Albany, California, combined the space and weight economies of dehydration with convenience and freshness of freezing to save "space, weight, money and flavour."

The Department's monthly "Agricultural Research" magazine said pies made with dehydrofrozen apples are "delicious."

HOW IT WORKS

It said the flavour of apricot pies made from dehydrofrozen fruit is "better in baking tests than that of pies made from frozen, dried or canned fruit." It said preserves from dehydrofrozen apricots are excellent.

Under the process, foods are dried to about half their original weight and volume and then frozen. For simple reconstitution, they can either be cooked directly or soaked in water.

The report pointed out that ordinary freezing tends to rupture cellular structure in foods—the reason many fruits and vegetables "break down somewhat after freezing and thawing." It said cells that have been partially dehydrated are not ruptured so easily.—United Press.

Montreal.

The "Merchandise Bulletin," of the local Better Business Bureau reports that some cowpunchers in Arizona are beefing about an advertisement they answered.

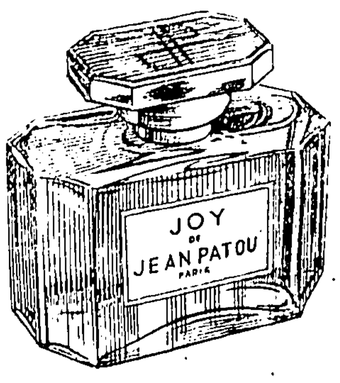
The ad. exhorted them to "Stop your horse from slobbering! Send $5.30!" The cowpokes who bit got a postcard saying: "Teach him to spit."—United Press.

The most expensive Gifts at a price you can afford.

Sonnet Frères
French jewellers since 1870

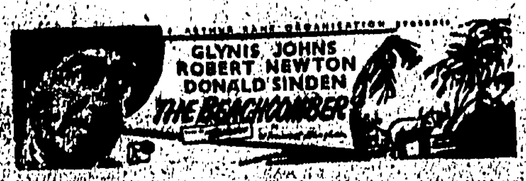
Opened until 6 p.m. (incl. Saturdays) up to Xmas.

GIFTS of Lasting Beauty
Jewels by Paramount Traders
222, HONG KONG HOTEL BUILDING. TEL. 37984.



JOY
The World's Costliest Perfume
A gift which you will be proud to give
On Sale at all Dispensaries and Dpt. Stores
Sole Representatives
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4 SHOWS TO-DAY 2.20—4.45—7.15 & 9.40 P.M.
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WINNER OF VENICE FILM FESTIVAL 1954!
THE J. ARTHUR RANK ORGANISATION PRESENTS
Romeo and Juliet
COLOUR BY Technicolor
LAURENCE HARVEY · SUSAN SHENTALL · FLORA ROBSON
NORMAN WOOLAND · MERVYN JOHNS with ESME PERCY
Sebastian CABOT · Lydia SHERWOOD Adapted for the screen and directed by RENATO CASTELLANI
SPECIAL MORNING SHOW TO MORROW AT 12.30
"THE RED BERET" Columbia Technicolor Film

SHOWING TO-DAY MAJESTIC AIR-CONDITIONED AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.


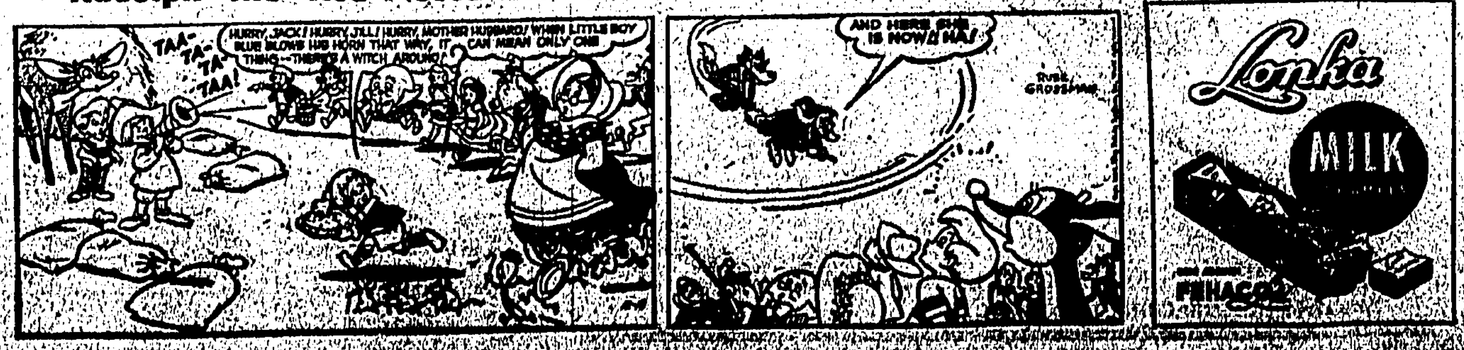
Next Change! "FLAME OF CALCUTTA"

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Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer

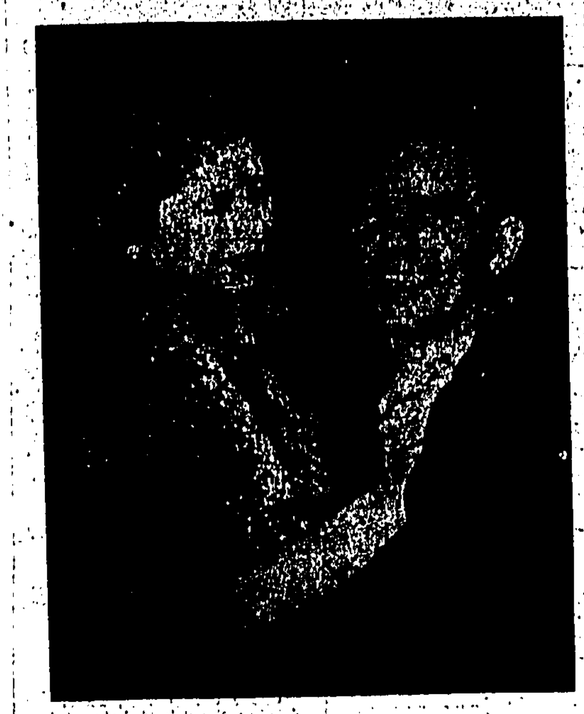
By Robert L. May



HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



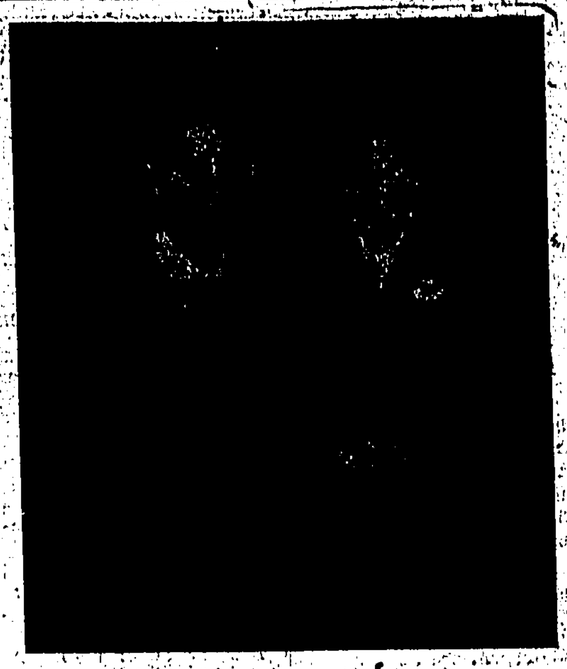
ALL set for Christmas with a basketful of presents is lovely 16-year-old Janette Scott, rising British film star. Janette has had a busy year, filming "Helen of Troy" in Rome, "As Long As They're Happy" at Pinewood with Jack Buchanan, and also stage and TV work.



AT the "non austerity" party given at Claridge's Hotel, London, by Sir Bernard and Lady Docker. The hostess is seen dancing with comedian Norman Wisdom. (Express)



SINGERS Webster Booth and Anne Ziegler (Mrs Booth) pictured at the Concert Artists' Association dinner held at the Park Lane Hotel, London. (Express)



WHITE-HAIRED Mrs Claude Epps, aged 77, seen here with her husband, was the first to suggest that a fund should be started to mark Sir Winston Churchill's 80th birthday. They devoted all their time to it. Now they will go back to their gardening at their home in Chichester. (Express)



MRS Bessie Braddock, MP for Liverpool Exchange, visited a nylon factory in Liverpool . . . to find out why she ladders 12 pairs a year. But the girls wanted to tell her about the other end of the business — making them. And here is 16-year-old Jean Farrell showing Mrs Braddock how they shape nylons — on metal legs. (Express)





LEFT: Ready for Christmas in London — Cinderella's coach, glittering with 84,000 pieces of crystal. Perched on it is Sonya Knye, leading lady of "Cinderella On Ice," a £65,000 pantomime. (Express)

THESE three young men — Clive Negri, Dalton Barnes and Donald Aldridge — are getting used to 60 degrees of frost in a temporary tent in a quick-freeze factory in London. Soon they will camp 10 weeks in the barren, rockbound mountain areas of Norway, 220 miles north of the Arctic Circle, to make meteorological studies. (Express)



SEEN here in bed is 21-year-old Royal Auxiliary Air Force pilot Brian Cross who, while flying at 20,000 feet in a jet fighter, had to bale out but whose parachute did not open. He fell four miles through the air and landed in three feet of water — still alive. He hurt his ankle, and was rescued by the crew of a USAF seaplane, who are here congratulating him on his miraculous escape. (Express)



ALF PASSMORE, 14-year-old schoolboy from London's East End, who was given a ticket to see the England-Germany soccer game at Wembley by a Berlin sports writer, Eberhard Witting. "We are not all beasts, we Germans," said Witting. "Find me an English schoolboy, crazy about soccer, whose father was killed in the last war. I have a spare ticket for him." Alf's father was killed at El Alamein fighting with the Rifle Brigade. (Express)

NANCY Silent Santa

By Ernie Bushmiller



DAIRY BOY



Prehistoric Ghosts Walk At Christmas

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ LEGENDS BEHIND THE FESTIVE SCENE ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

By A. J. FORREST



A replica of the very first Christmas Card, 1846.

CHRISTMAS cheer, a sparkling reality for children and expensive fact for adults, has legend as its foundation. Yet, as the years advance and knowledge grows, this foundation becomes more firmly entrenched in our minds.

Father Christmas himself, the Pere Noel of the French, the rod wielding (naughty-boys-only chastised) Weihnachtsmann of the Germans, and the San Nicolaas of the Dutch, began as a myth. But a fact he remains—to the delight of countless millions of children and parents.

The benevolent old fellow had his beginnings before the Christian era, stemming from Odin, the Norsemen's god. Odin drove his reindeer sledge with thunderous fury, his whip cracking lightning from the clouds. By some freak of association, this pagan belief became linked with Nicholas, Bishop of Myra, during the hey-day of the Roman Emperor Diocletian (A. D. 284-305). The gracious bishop, Saint Nicholas, became immortal for his charity. Children loved him because, while they slept, he filled their shoes and stockings with gifts. So Santa Claus had a worthy ancestry.

* * *

SCHOLARS still cannot decide just when he reached England.

We know, however, that he was well established in Medieval Mummery, the forerunner of the drama in Britain. So, already 600 years back, he wore a snow-white beard and acted the role of Lord Bountiful, although in truth he did not enter his nursery kingdom in the English-speaking world until the Victorian era. Then, through the sprawling genius of Dickens and the serenity of that age which gave men time to occupy themselves with kindly distractions, his appearance at Yuletide quickly won him complete ascendancy over the children's hearts.

Mistletoe's place at Christmas stemmed from origins even farther back in prehistoric times. The mistletoe kiss (so pleasing a welcome today) once signified the kiss of death. For, as the distinguished anthropologist, Sir James Fraser, notes in his "Golden Bough," mistletoe served our ancient forebears during priestly rites. It was in evidence when, on stone altars, under the open skies, finely-built young men and women were sacrificed to tribal gods.

Shakespeare dismissed mistletoe as "baleful." And, at different periods, all kinds of properties were attached to the "golden bough." Men believed it could ward off sorcery and black magic, exercise spirits, cure warts and epilepsy, extinguish fires, and even deflect lightning and thunderbolts. Many communities exalted it as an object of fetish worship, a touchstone of fertility, capable of curing barren mothers or precious stock seemingly unable to bear progeny.

* * *

THE mistletoe clusters, most esteemed by the Druids, were cut with their sacred knives from oak trees. For the oak to be mistletoe's host added to specimen's rarity and, no doubt, to its magic properties. For mistletoe, as a bird-borne parasite, seldom attaches itself to oaks. It grows more easily on soft-barked trees like birches, apples and willows.

Yet, how strange a transformation: to turn the kiss of death into a Yuletide bliss kiss, a token of joy, however, momentary! To extract full worth, however, remember to pluck one of the fruits each time you kiss under the bough. And, don't forget that when all the fruits are gone, the mistletoe bears magic no more.

The Yule log, crackling before the hearth, possibly owes its inception to camp fires with skin-clad cave-dwellers gathered round a roaring blaze after winter's snow enclosed the land.

And did the fantastic enticing figures, wrought by the flames, create the desire for a decorative centrepiece for the Christmas festivities? Was this the forerunner of the Christmas tree?

* * *

WE shall never know. Personally, I believe that the Christmas tree, though attributed in Britain to Queen Victoria's husband, the German-born Prince Albert, is rooted in more ancient times.

But few will dispute the German claim as the tree's first modern patrons in Europe. Sentimental, home and family-loving, they delighted in the evergreen spirit brought by a little fir tree into their homes. Decorated, too, it added to their sense of well-being. With presents piled around its stem, the children found its shining, sparkling magic irresistible.

So, in little more than a century, from a few fir twigs, stuck in pots, the Christmas tree has grown into a universal decoration. Its presence blesses the poorest homes. Or it enchants tens of thousands, when giant specimens, aglitter with rainbow-coloured lights, bring joy to city squares.

Now, the lack of a 'tree' — even just a branch upon which candles flicker — seems alien to the Christmas spirit itself. I know old age pensioners, with children and grandchildren long vanished overseas, who year by year decorate their little tree.

They spread their silver tinsel over it, and Grandpa, with a word or two of grace and a blurred look in his wrinkled eyes carries a taper in his shaking hand to the tree's small battery of candles. Then the golden memories of the old folks begin to glow.

Again our celebrations would be unthinkable without the Christmas card. But here there's no claim to prehistoric inspiration. And this token of joy, this conscience salve for poor letter writers, has today untold millions of devotees.

* * *

YET, curiously, even the card keeps trust with its beginnings. For the legend born by the first Christmas card, still remains supreme. A six-year-old engraver's apprentice, William Maw Egley, turned over his memories of Christmas pleasures in 1842. And, as he reflected, he drew and designed a card in 1846. Then, he added a ten-word greeting, conceiving the immortal Christmas message "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to You".

He printed and sent off 100 of these cards. So, by the chance initiative of a boy living in a London garret, a mightily world-wide avalanche was set in motion—an avalanche which bears heavily even on the thousands of extra postmen employed in all Christian countries to help deliver the Yuletide mails.

Tracing back toys and their Christmas links is not so easy. Again a prehistoric father's uncouth effort in wood, carved with a flint knife, no doubt brought into being some crude shape for the amusement of his cave-children.

Then long before Western civilisation began, Chinese families delighted in their kites and spinning tops. Jointed dolls appeared in Egypt at least 1,000 years before the birth of Christ.

Later, in the 14th century, French costumiers used dolls as fashion models. In 1391, a royal courier from France delivered an exciting parcel to the English queen. Opening it, she discovered a selection of dolls wearing the latest modes of the gay capital.



The Mistletoe Kiss

Some nursery late-comers, although firm favourites for years, must be noted. The golliwog, as far as is known, did not appear until 1895. Then he was brought to life as the hero of a book on "Dutch dolls". Teddy Bears, even more popular, are younger still.

Queen Victoria, as a tiny tot in the 1820's, was the lucky owner of a priceless doll set, 132 specimens in all. The illustrated Baroness Lehzen dressed them for her. So, as the royal little princess commanded, she was attended by a dazzling array of ladies-in-waiting, singers, ballerinas and great dames, all of whom she could transform at will.

Anyone, troubling to explore the cavalcade of Christmas toys down the ages, must be struck by their sense of topicality and reality. While the fury of the French Revolution still thundered, toy guillotines invaded European nurseries, especially those in France. Then, little girls, as befitting good Republicans, had great fun (we believe), in striking off the heads of their doll aristocrats.

Today's nursery wonders range from cats which purr to the latest science marvels, real and imaginary. From Flying Saucers, space ships, and "atomic disintegrators," down to such workaday devices as hydraulic petrol pumps, inspection lifts and garages with wash-downs. What next! cry the wondering parents. They know that today's surprise will be cast aside as commonplace tomorrow. And now—Christmas fare.

Christmas, of course, serves many of us as an excuse for overeating. It is a reason for, after all, overeating was good food, vintage wines, fashionable then, Maybe, a similit liqueurs and aromatic little of it doesn't do us any harm today.

wholesome foods, the turkey is king of the board.

This proud bird, ousted peacock and boar's head, favourite Christmas dishes of earlier ages. And more—he has driven them into oblivion. I can never see him, lying well-stuffed and basted, without recalling those Elizabethan sea captains, fellow traffickers with Drake and Hawkins, who sailed to South America and brought back with them, as offerings to the Old World, perfulls of wild turkeys as well as gold and silver in their holds.

It is now believed that the Spanish navigator, Pedro Nino, was the first European to discover the turkey. He achieved this distinction when, in 1499, he landed on the coast of Cumano, north of Venezuela. Here he bought a number of straggly-legged wild fowls from Indians at the price of four glass beads a bird. Next year his expedition sailed back to Spain. Records of the voyage, preserved in the Royal Palace at Madrid, do not specify whether he brought back specimens with him.

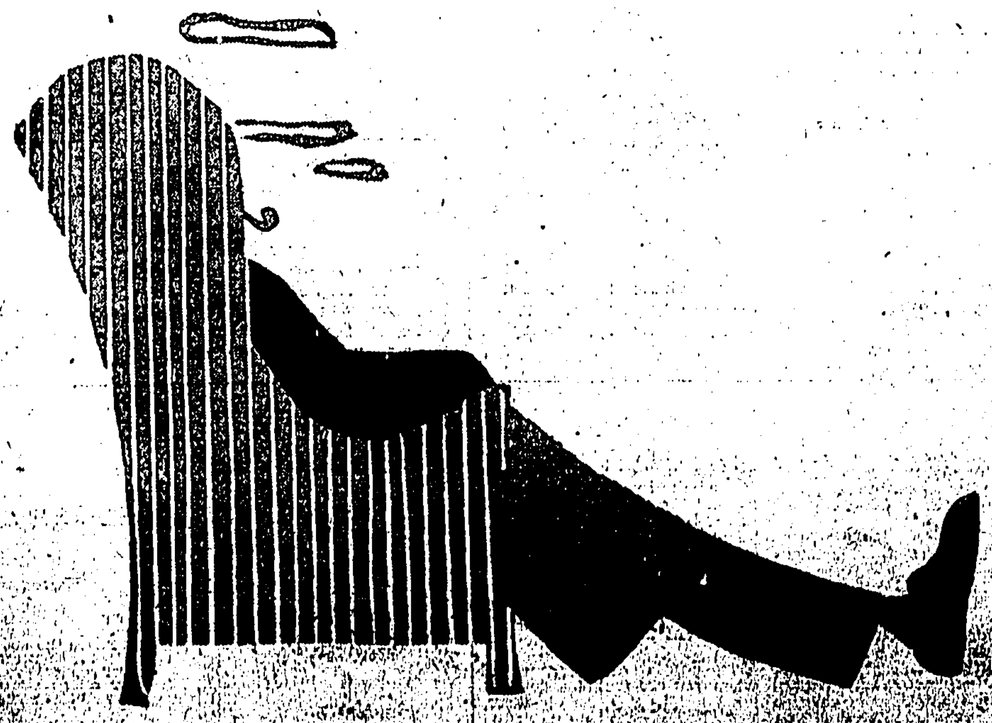
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BUT the turkey appeared soon afterwards in the Old World. The bird's conquests in Europe proved royal and rapid. Archbishop Cranmer in 1541 recognised turkey as one of "the greater fowls". Respectful of its succulence, he sternly forbad ecclesiastics to have more than "one in a dishe."

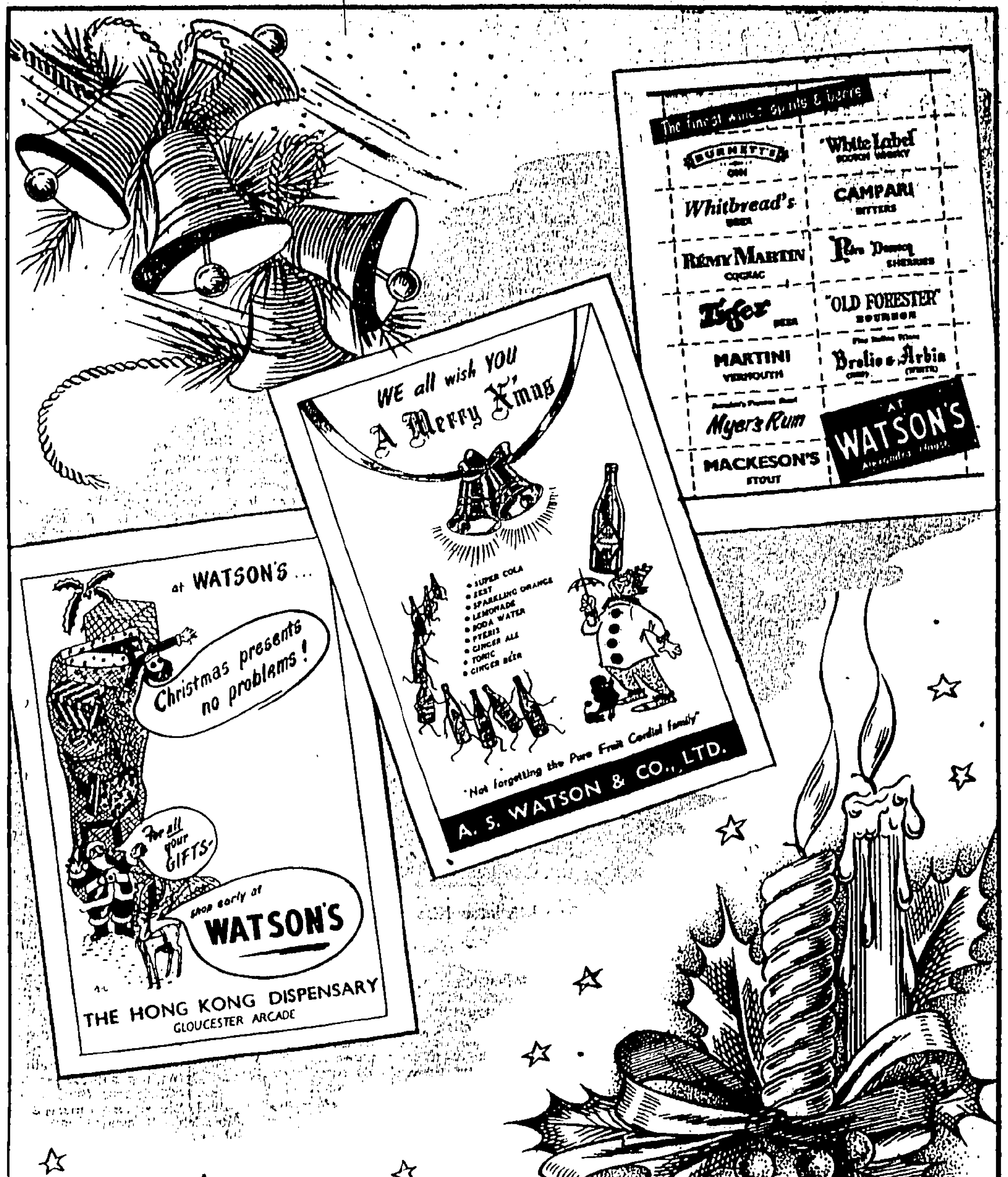
King James I of England, detesting pork—the mere sight of boar's head sickened him—decorded the bird full honours. And within a few generations, farmers in the Eastern counties could not breed and fatten turkeys fast enough to meet the Christmas demands of the London market. Great droves, 300 to 1,000 strong, were driven Londonwards each autumn, feeding on the stubbles as they went. Christmas coaches, too, jolted six at a time out of Norwich, all trimmed with well-fleshed gobblers.

Those were great days. But

His
Happy Christmas



ensured by
a gift from
Mackintoshs
ALEXANDRA HOUSE DES VOEUX ROAD





"Smith, during the singing of the last carol one of us taut he taw a puddy tat a-cweeping up on him."

London Express Service

How Good Is Your Memory?

SOME highlights of the events of 1954 are recalled in the story below. Can you fill in the blanks in the narrative?

The world moved nearer to peace in 1954. In Indo-China after the — (1) — rebels had finally overwhelmed the French garrison at — (2) — in May, the war ended in July when the new French Prime Minister, — (3) —, signed the peace treaty at — (4) —.

The long drawn out dispute between Britain and Egypt was settled at last with an agreement signed in Cairo by the Egyptian Prime Minister, — (5) —, and the (6)—. Also in the Middle East, terms were agreed for the marketing once more of Persian oil from the refinery at — (7) —.

In Europe, the European Army plan collapsed, but at 9-power talks in —(8)—, followed by further talks in Paris, agreement was reached for a measure of German rearmament.

★

At the start of the year the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, on their Royal tour of the Commonwealth, were in — (9) —and after leaving that country their next port of call was—(10)—which they reached in February in the liner —(11)—. On the homeward journey, they rejoined their children at —(12).

Names in the news: among eminent men who died were a British statesman who had formerly been ambassador to France, —(13)—, a leading French painter, —(14)—, and a veteran Hollywood actor, —(15)—.

An eminent conductor, —(16)—, a famous circus clown, —(17)—, and a Commonwealth Prime Minister all announced their retirements. A member of the Royal Family —(19)— was injured in a road accident. An American novelist —(20)— escaped death in a plane crash in Africa, and another writer —(21)— died in one of the Comet disasters. A Russian diplomat —(22)— was given asylum in Australia. An ancient Roman god, —(23)— achieved overnight fame in London.

★

In the field of sport, the prophets were confounded when —(24)— won the World Cup for soccer. The Queen's colt, —(25)— won the season's richest racing prize at Ascot. An Australian, —(26)— gained the British Open Golf Championship, and at Wimbledon the men's singles championship was won at last by —(27)—.

Roger Bannister became the first man to run a mile in under four minutes, but his time was later beaten by —(28)—. At cricket, —(29)— made their first tour of England and won a Test Match. At boxing, —(30)— retained the world heavyweight championship in a fight against Ezzard Charles.

The correct answers may be found on Page 24. After comparing them with your own, add up your score as follows:

25 to 30 marks: You're the tops.

18 to 24 marks: Little things mean a lot.

10 to 17 marks: You forgot to remember.

0 to 9 marks: Let the rest of the world go by.

(Solution on Page 24)

FOR THEM, CHRISTMAS COMES TWICE A YEAR

By BOB MONKHOUSE and DENNIS GOODWIN

Two of Radio's top-line script writers and comedians advise you on how to write your own jokes

FOR us Christmas usually first occurs about mid-November. This is when we have to start cudgelling our flabby brains to write jokes for the Christmas radio and TV shows. Then we have another Christmas on December 25. We were going to tell you about this, and how we set about writing Christmas shows, but a diabolically clever idea has since occurred to us.

If we tell you how to write your own jokes YOU can entertain the family at Christmas. This will save us a lot of trouble. We can then hibernate for the Winter in Philip Harben's beard, and forget the whole thing.

Now this is how you set about it. There are three ways to write a joke. (a) Copy it down from a joke book. (b) Copy it down off the radio. (c) Make it up.

The first two are simplest, and intelligent students need read no further. The stupid ones who are still with us will find that there are two ways to make up a joke:—

(a) Copy it down from a joke book or off the radio and then convince *yourself* you thought of it first anyway. This is difficult in the case of books published before your birthdate.

(b) Invent it. In order to invent a joke you have to know what it is.

EDUCATION is everything in these matters, so study your joke. A joke is a collection of nouns, adjectives, adverbs and things which a comedian says before he pulls a funny face and makes the audience laugh. Jokes fill in the gaps between the comedian's funny faces.

Here are three jokes written by each of the three methods advised above.

(a) PRETTY FISHY. A small boy ran into a fish-and-chip shop and said to the proprietor, 'Hey, mister, have you got any chips left?' The proprietor smiled and replied: 'Yes.' Whereupon the small boy gave a cheeky grimace. 'Serves you right for trying so many,' he [illegible] from the [illegible] proprietor. What cheek! (Copied from a joke book).

(b) "I've been poorly—proper poorly!" (Copied off the radio in 1947 and a jolly good joke it must be. You should have heard them laugh! Wow!)

(c) "Henry Hall is so old he's got white hair." (Made up).

As you can see, making up jokes is tricky. The mention of Henry Hall is sure-fire for a medium laugh but the rest of the joke seems to lack that certain *zing* which makes it funny. Of course, this joke will last a long time, because you can replace Henry Hall's name with other names, like Dick Bentley, Bing Crosby, Vic Oliver, Jack Benny and Ben Lyon and use the joke over and over again. It's the last part that worries us. It doesn't seem to have that "Wham" (script writers' term for *zing*).

Better to put back the original joke we copied it from, which was "Henry Hall is so old he remembers when Gladys really was Young." (Copied from Arthur Askey).

NOW we come to the difficult part of *fitting* the jokes to the comedians. For instance we wrote this joke for Jimmy Jewell to say to Ben Warriss: "You're so bald your head looks as if your neck is blowing bubblegum!"

This was careless planning on our part. We copied the joke from a show where someone said it to David Nixon, who is bald. Ben Warriss *isn't*—but, of course, on the radio you can't see that. Jewell said the studio audience wouldn't laugh. Comedians are not co-operative in things like this. The resourceful script writer must be prepared to face such crises, when his work is criticised and tossed back in his face by non-creative parasites.

If a comedian is fat, you must make up fat jokes about him. If he is tall, tall jokes. If he has nothing peculiar about him, he is not a proper comedian. Don't bother with him.

Every good script writer keeps a "joke file" or "file of jokes" in which he "files" all the "jokes" he "makes up!" We have been writing for seven years now and have a file of over twenty jokes. And we have another two at home. We were going to say three but one of them is the joke about Henry Hall having white hair, so we can't count that.

These files are very useful when you are facing a deadline for a script. Say, for instance, Ted Ray phones up, says he wants a funny [illegible] [illegible] face for the [illegible] tonight.

All is pandemonium in our offices for a while. Helter-skelter we run! We are looking for the piece of paper on which we have written our latest joke about being "proper poorly."

By six o'clock order is restored. Ted Ray is "On the air" going with a *zing* (script writers' term for "Wham"). His funny faces are getting big laughs and the "proper poorly" joke is a great success, along with two jokes about Vic Oliver and Ben Warriss being bald. The Vic Oliver one goes particularly well as Vic is bald.

THE next week brings more important business. A court case where Reg Dixon and Arthur Askery sue Ted Ray, and all kinds of busy copying, foraging for new material to swell our files.

If your mouth is agape at the glamour of this dizzy life, do not be misled. Show Biz (script writers' term for *zing*) is not without its heartaches and hard work, and no one knows better than we the telling strain of creating humour for the masses.

But if you make up any jokes for Christmas, send them straight to us. We'll advise you. On second thoughts, don't waste them on your family and don't send them to comedians. They just put them in their joke files and won't write back. Send them to us. For heaven's sake! AND HURRY!



PARTY CORNER

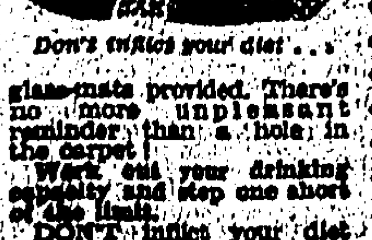
Watch your MANNERS!

HOW'S YOUR code of party manners? Here is a guide for Christmas partygoers to ensure a second invitation!

Say thank-you to your hostess. So many people enjoy themselves and forget to say so afterwards.

Arrive on time and if the invitation is for cocktails remember that your hostess may have plans for dinner.

Use the ashtrays and the



Don't inflict your diet . . .

glass-mats provided. There's no more unpleasant reminder than a hole in the carpet!

Work out your drinking capacity and stop one short of the limit.

DON'T inflict your diet regime on fellow guests.

DON'T take uninvited guests and expect a welcome.

DON'T feed the animals—that goes for children, too.

DON'T complain about how [illegible] cold stairs or the difficulty of finding the address.

DON'T monopolise the telephone.



[illegible]

Swindler Unmasked By The Coat Trick

SECRETS OF INTERNATIONAL CRIME

The COMPLETE, authentic inside story of INTERPOL, the organisation which fights international crime all over the world, and has been the means of bringing thousands of criminals to justice. Written with the full co-operation of the staff of INTERPOL

By A. J. FORREST

TWO men, smartly dressed, each carrying a bulky brief-case, entered a jeweller's shop in Antwerp. "We'd like to buy some watches," said one of them amiably. "Perhaps you'd let us see some samples."

The jeweller, impressed by their air of affluence, produced a tray of his most valuable stock. To examine them more closely, one of the men handed the other his brief-case.

Then events moved with lightning speed.

Whipping out his lighter, the man with the two brief-cases made no pretence about lighting a cigarette, but, with a quick downward action, tipped upside down the brief-cases—they were both full of methylated spirit—and splashed their contents on to the shop floor. Then he dropped his lighter in the middle of the biggest pool.

As flames leapt high in the shop, the other partner scooped up the bulk of the watches lying on the jeweller's counter, and, yelling "fire" at the top of their voices as if they themselves were rushing for help the two men darted out of the shop, their asbestos underpants protecting them from damage from the roaring flames—and vanished.

Left Stunned

As they had planned, their trick left the Antwerp jeweller stunned and panic-stricken. He didn't know whether to call first the police or the fire brigade. It was a neat trick. And it had succeeded perfectly . . . so far.

The crooks scampered off with 70,000 Belgian francs' worth of first-quality watches. But they hardly had time to enjoy their haul. Interpol, speedily informed by the Brussels police, had an immediate line on the bolting rascals, having had earlier experience of their original technique. An international circular flashed out and a week later both were identified and arrested over the frontier in Holland.

The moral is obvious. Clever as an original trick may be for pulling off one coup, its perpetrators are marked men if they try it a second time.

Most prominent confidence tricksters, according to the head of Interpol's Individual Cases Department, team up into international gangs, but they work in pairs, and change their partners frequently. "Many," he says, "are refugee Jews, usually from Eastern Prussia, Poland, Austria, or farther behind the Iron Curtain. A number, highly skilled as pickpockets, were documented in Interpol files when they were kept in Vienna before the second world war.

Glass For Gems

"A pair will pull off a profitable trick in Stockholm. Then one partner will team up with another member of the gang, and work his next fraud in Cairo or Barcelona. Perhaps, five years later, he will appear in company with his Stockholm accomplice. Gang members remain very loyal to each other. They seldom 'split.' Their one inducement to do so appears if the gang keeps them short of money."

European jewellers, including some shrewd London goldsmiths and silversmiths, have suffered big losses from substitution tricks. In the place of diamonds, their own stock, they find themselves palmed off with bits of glass, or coarse lumps of rock crystal.

As perfected by a clever couple, whose misdeeds are recorded in deadly detail in Interpol's files, it meant first of all worming their way into the victim's confidence, the basis of every successful confidence trick.

Then, assured that the man concerned—sometimes he produced a charming "wife" as his foil—was a genuine buyer, the jeweller unlocked his valuable stock and permitted the pair to handle it. When this happened once in Zurich, the following scene took place.



The big trickster is often tripped up over the most minor of his crimes. When a white-coated diner falsely complained that his overcoat had been stolen, the restaurant manager readily paid him compensation to prevent a scene—but he informed the Paris Prefecture and put them on the swindler's track.

"These are beautiful pearl necklaces, my dear," said the man, turning to his female accomplice. "But we can't really judge which suits you better until we've matched the necklaces against your new Parisian evening gown. I wonder if"—turning to the jeweller—"you would allow us to take them back to our hotel on trial, just for a few hours, or for one night?"

"Oh, I do hope so! I would so love to select the one that shows off my dress best," she said, smiling winsomely.

The jeweller smiled back, well understanding this feminine vanity. But he was still cautious. "Well," he said, "if you could let me have a sum equivalent in worth to both necklaces, a big cash deposit, there would be no objection to your taking both necklaces back to your hotel and settling matters in the morning."

"That is most generous of you. I haven't, however, sufficient ready cash in your Swiss currency, but I could let you have it in dollars."

"Oh, yes, that will be in order."

Sleight-Of-Hand

The jeweller watched the prospective buyer count out the dollars, put the wad into an envelope, seal it and hand it to him, promising his promise to come back next morning after she had made her choice. He did not come back of course. And next day when the jeweller went to examine his envelope, he found himself stung by clever sleight-of-hand with a mere wad of brown paper.

Ranking as one of the most dangerous international swindlers ever known, Siegfried W., born in Gnezen on November 10, 1893, brought off possibly the greatest single coup in the whole fabulous history of confidence trickery, the swindling of a reputable Dutch bank of twenty million florins.

It was a perfectly organised swindle, carried out at the time Dr Schacht, then in charge of Germany's finances, threatened a moratorium of Dutch assets in France. This man offered to redeem the bank's assets in Paris on an 87 percent basis, whereas rival business undertakings felt quite incapable of guaranteeing more than a 50 percent return.

Because of his excellent references — faked ones — his personal magnetism and friendly relations with the bank's directors he was given the contract. Very promptly, he liquidated the assets, diverting all the bank's funds in Paris to his own use.

Handed Savings

His unscrupulousness knew no bounds. During the German occupation, when Dutch members of wealthy families were held as hostages by the Nazis, perhaps in retaliation for RAF raids or subversive action by local patriots, he went, time and again, to their stricken relatives, offering help.

"Yes," he emphasised convincingly, "I am fortunate to have influence with high ranking German officers, in fact the authorities who hold M. (mentioning the family's father or brother) a prisoner. For a consideration he can, I am sure, be released immediately. I shall, of course be only too happy to act as intermediary."

Gladly they gave him their accumulated savings, sometimes all they had. But, his influence being nil, their relations and friends were executed, and their fortunes delivered to a scoundrel.

Once, he gambled too lightly in human blood, however. Through his secretary, he learned of a young Jewish girl, Toni B., who was almost crazy to get her parents out of Austria. It could not be long, she thought, before the Gestapo placed them in a concentration camp. He invited her to dinner, found out that her family had entrusted her with all their money, 4,000 florins, to liberate them, and, of course, represented himself as the man with just the right international contacts to smuggle them out of of Austria.

During this dinner, given at one of Amsterdam's most sumptuous eating places, the maitre d'hotel sidled up to him to say that an important bank director was waiting in the hall to see him. "Oh, let him wait," he retorted, with a lordly air, and turning to the girl, remarked: "You see, he needs me, but I don't need him."

Toni B., completely deceived, handed over the family's fortune. But nothing happened. She waited for days.

"I'm doing my best," protested Siegfried W. "If you doubt me, ring the Foreign Minister's wife. She's staying at the hotel now, room No. 107, and she will tell you how wholeheartedly and tirelessly my skill is engaged on your family's behalf. In fact, their rescue is costing me far more than the honorarium you have given me. But a promise is a promise, isn't it?"

Bluff Called

Mrs S., the "foreign minister's wife," had already been briefed. She was not the lady specified, but Siegfried's mistress, a girl of German extraction who knew, or thought she knew, as her master had advised, exactly how to comfort the distracted Jewish girl. But Toni B. was no convinced.

She went to the police. The scoundrel's bluff was called. He was arrested and an incredible series of swindles and love affairs were uncovered.

Most of his gains, it seemed, were lavished on women. His dangerous charm, plus his pretensions of refinement and culture, ensnared them.

To a certain Eva B., an attractive young cabaret artist with whom he had lived for a time in America, he gave gifts of exceptional magnificence. But he did not, for all their close friendship, completely trust her. For while such items appeared in his personal budget as "2,000 florins to furrier for Eva B's fur coat, 200 florins to jeweller for Eva B's gold ring," there was one item of 510 florins listed as payment for a private detective to shadow Eva B.

Once the lady in question had driven at more than 100 kilometres an hour from Amsterdam to The Hague with the detective hot on her trail, following her in his car at the same mad pace. If Eva B. had a secret lover, Siegfried W. was determined to find out about him.

Police Net Closed

Often, it is a minor infringement which projects an international swindler into a limelight he does not want. One man played a fairly common trick on a well-known restaurant in the Champs-Elysees. Dining with a girl friend there—and this swindler who lived at the rate of 200,000 to 300,000 francs a week was always accompanied by pretty girls—he claimed on leaving that someone had stolen his overcoat. To avoid a scene, the manager reimbursed him in his private office for the loss. But he also reported the incident to the Paris Prefecture.

Thus Interpol, through a queer kink in criminal psychology, got on the track of a man wanted for fraud by many national police forces.

Known under various aliases as Pedro Frank and Peter Freyler, he had, among other crimes, defrauded an Italian actress in Madrid of 150,000 pesetas, swindled a Luxembourger in Venice of 95,000 Belgian francs, and the Czecholsovakian police reported that, previous to 1939, he had been condemned nine times for theft and fraud.

Finally, when the Interpol net closed in on him, he was picked up in Genoa, living as usual in grand style. He swindled in millions, but it was a mere overcoat—or lack of one—that betrayed him!

International swindlers pick their victims, usually from among the world's wealthy tourists with scrupulous care and skill. They spend hundreds in putting out the bait. It is money well spent.

For a successful coup invariably nets thousands. And often the victim is too humiliated to report his folly to the police.

Next Week: [illegible] Versus Violins





Xmas Gift

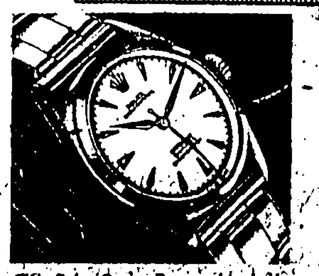
What better present can you give your family at this festive season than **GREEN SPOT** - the real orange drink which brings cheer and sparkling health to all!

H. K. SOYA BEAN PRODUCTS CO., LTD.

Would *your* watch have kept time on the sea-bed?

WEARING a Rolex Oyster Perpetual, a professor of Milan University went for a swim off Capri. But the strap-buckle was loose, and his watch broke from his wrist, and sank to the bottom.
Without much hope, the professor asked some divers, working nearby, to keep an eye open for his watch.
Surprisingly, seven days later, they actually found it, and it *was still keeping perfect time.*
It is not really so incredible. For this superb watch, completely protected from water and sand by the famous Oyster waterproof case, is automatically wound by the Perpetual "rotor" mechanism—another Rolex invention.
It is in their ability to stay accurate under such incredible tests of endurance that Rolex watches prove their immunity from the more normal ills that beset an ordinary watch.





After seven days beneath the sea, a Rolex Oyster Perpetual, brought up by divers, was found to be still showing the right time! (The original letter of Professor Custo can be inspected at the Rolex offices, 18 rue du Marché, Geneva.)

This Rolex Oyster Perpetual is similar to the one in the story. Permanently *waterproof in its Oyster Case, it is given perfect accuracy by the Perpetual self-winding "rotor." The Rolex Red Seal identifies every Rolex* chronometer.

ROLEX

A landmark in the history of Time measurement

ROLEX Chronometer—
Official Timepiece of Panagra Airlines

RX-19

A reflection of good taste



BORN 1820

STILL GOING STRONG

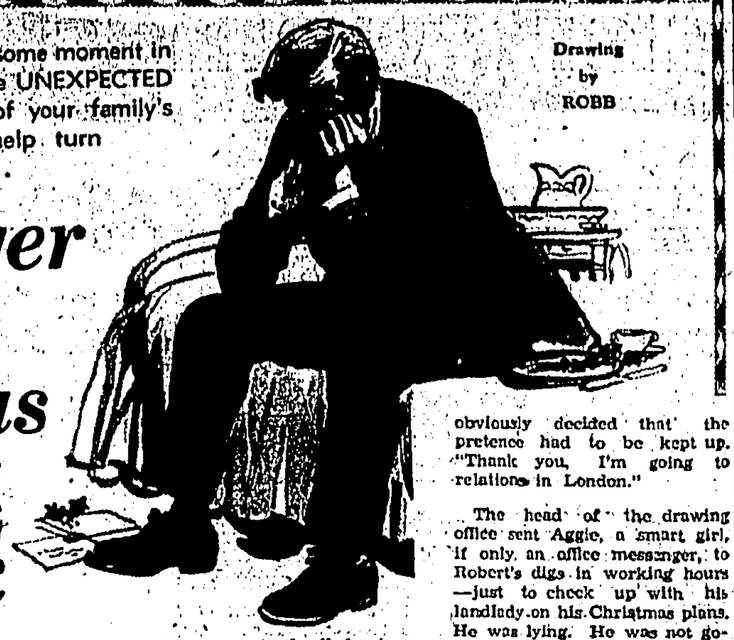
Johnnie Walker

FINE OLD SCOTCH WHISKY

Sole Distillers: CALDBECK MACGREGOR & CO. LTD.

PASS THE WORD ON . . . Find some moment in your home this Christmas for some UNEXPECTED guest to share the warm glow of your family's happiness. TRUE STORY to help turn your resolutions into DEEDS . . .

A Stranger for Christmas



Drawing by ROBB

JUDGE THE STORY OF A YOUNG MAN THEY SAID WAS SO GAY

By LEONARD MOSLEY

THE trouble with Robert is to find a way of giving him a happy Christmas without making him feel he is being insulted.

Robert is 24 years old—and as sensitive to the sentimental approach as a rhinoceros to the offer of a lick from a small boy's lollipop.

You know how it is with some young men. Somehow, when he first started his new job with a big firm in Miles Platting, Manchester, last spring, he got off on the wrong foot.

He talked a bit too loudly about the fact that he had worked in Paris, and about how his widowed mother—now living in the West Indies—was related to all sorts of important people.

He would rush away on Friday evenings after casually mentioning that he was going South for a gay week-end.

Those men and girls in the office who might have made a friend of him were brushed off when they approached. It was probably shyness underneath, but you could hardly blame his colleagues for assuming that Robert was not only a boaster, but also a snob. After a time they did not try any more.

IT was John, the general manager's chauffeur, who first stumbled on the truth. A letter with a West Indies stamp on it arrived at the office shortly after Robert had left.

He had let it be known that he was off on one of his week-ends; but since the letter was probably from his mother, the chauffeur volunteered to rush to Robert's digs and try to catch him before he left.

He need not have hurried.

For when the landlady showed him up to Robert's room, it was quite obvious that Robert was not going anywhere.

He was busy over a gas ring, cooking himself some beans. And, though he hastily explained that his departure had been postponed for 12 hours, John took a look around that room and guessed that here was a lonely man.

He said as much in the canteen on the following Monday. "Posh friends and fancy week-ends my foot!" he said, "I bet he hasn't a friend in the world."

Well, it is a busy firm, and there are a lot of private things to do around Christmas, but quite a few of Robert's colleagues looked at him with new eyes after that.

The chief draughtsman made the first overture: "If you're not going away to your friends for Christmas," he said, "how about a meal with us?" It was too direct an approach. Robert hesitated and flushed and then obviously decided that the pretence had to be kept up. "Thank you, I'm going to relations in London."

The head of the drawing office sent Aggie, a smart girl, if only an office messenger, to Robert's digs in working hours—just to check up with his landlady on his Christmas plans. He was lying. He was not going anywhere for Christmas. He would be feeding alone; and probably on beans.

BUT not if half a dozen men and girls in the office can help it. They are having a Christmas "draw" as usual, and Robert, like everyone else, has taken a ticket. And one thing is certain — no matter whether he has a winning number or not, Robert is going to win a prize. The manager has promised to pay for it himself.

It is a bottle of whisky, and it can only be collected from the chief draughtsman's house the day before Christmas.

If Robert cannot be persuaded to thaw out and share that bottle, then his colleagues will really give him up.

But somehow I don't think Robert will really be eating beans this Christmas.

SANTA BEATS THE ROCKETS AS NO. 1 PIN-UP

By J. W. Taylor

SANTA Claus still tops the popularity poll for Christmas card illustration, despite the advent of novelty animated cards with clever action - movements and cut-outs.

The greetings card trade reports rocketing sales, a state of affairs that has existed ever since the end of the war. During the last five years there has been an increase in sales of approximately 66 million cards, and it is reckoned that this year alone 450 million cards will go through the post in Britain.

And what of the latest trends in designs? These were decided upon as far back as two years ago; designs that were sent to the printers for production before the Christmas pudding was eaten last December.

All the old ones fully coloured and all a glitter, are there. There's a sprinkling of topical ones of rockets and space ships flying out as the card is opened, but this year's most popular greetings card still features that old-age December pin-up with large beaming face, bushy eyebrows and white beard topping a red-gowned portly shape—Santa Claus.

THIS time, however, Santa, regarded as the seasonal prepogative of youngsters emerges as the emblem of Christmas for grown-ups, with suitable verse to fit older recipients. More than ever this No. 1 greetings pin-up will feature on the mantelpiece of the drawing room and study, as well as in the nursery.

Our old friend, the Robin, comes a pretty close second and in a photo-finish for a place just beats into third position the lucky horseshoe. These three, set in motifs of holly, snow, village churches and cottages and candles, are this year being presented with a modern dignified simplicity.

The work of the photographer, as well as that of the artist, is seen to a greater extent in this year's greetings cards, whilst religious motifs, presenting the serious side of the Christmas festival, are in considerable demand. To mark the popularity of the Royal Family, a full-colour picture of the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh at the Royal Feast of Tonga has been produced in large quantities as an appropriate Christmas card this year.

There are three main reasons for the increase in card sales, say the trade experts. Over the years the public have gradually become greetings card conscious and of late years they have had facilities for buying a wider variety of cards to make the message a little more personal—for parents, children, relatives, boy and girl friends, all specifically named. There are now even cards to the boss.

WIDER and increasing travel amongst the general public and increasing membership of different societies and clubs have all led to greater greeting card sales. There is the commercial aspect, too. More and more organisations in trade, industry, business and commerce look upon the Christmas card as an ambassador of goodwill. During the last ten years, the number of firms using Christmas cards has more than doubled.

Even children of our day have their own particular social life, so that cards with a special appeal to the youngsters have been more in demand.

Private Christmas cards with the name and address of the sender overprinted are greatly on the increase to swell the December postbag, and the trade has evidence of thousands of cases where one person sends out anything from 50 to 300 or more of this type of card.

There is, too, the card for the last-minute shopper or the sudden thought that someone has been overlooked. It depicts the usual last-minute rush for cards at Christmas and reads:

I went to get your greeting,
And look what I went through
But it was really worth it,
For someone nice as you.



Talking Turkey

I WAS interested by a photograph which appeared in the newspaper recently of a lady who keeps a turkey-farm in Norfolk. Such are the depredations of those who supply the black market that this lady has been obliged to train her turkeys to roost in the trees at night. Ladders are provided by which the birds ascend to the high branches, and once they have reached their resting-places the ladders are removed for the night.

The area which surrounds these dormitories is defended by trip wires, which sound alarms, and patrolled by watchmen armed with guns.

These formidable devices and defences indicate that as the festive season approaches there is a demand for turkeys so wide and deep that traffickers are tempted thereby to defy the law.

This strikes me as strange. The turkey is a bad bird, edible only when accompanied by cranberry sauce; it is not even indigenous, and I fail to understand why it should be expected to grace our Saturnalia or the Thanksgiving Days of our American relations.

The explanation, I suppose, is that the turkey, although dull, is large; and that we retain sufficient Cromagnon instincts to enjoy encumbering our feasts with animals which are too big for any modern to eat. Within my own lifetime, and as a result of two major wars, the Englishman has lost his former capacity for absorbing enormous quantities of food.

Harold Nicolson

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

By Lee Falk and Phil Davis



Fabulous Lady

ONE LAST TRIUMPH —THEN TRAGEDY

Concluding the GERTRUDE LAWRENCE STORY by NANCY SPAIN

So Gertie Lawrence was married. She had done the unexpected thing.

THE STORY SO FAR.—Rumours of romance followed Gertrude Lawrence throughout her life. She was seen everywhere with the celebrities of the theatre and social world—Douglas Fairbanks, Ronald Colman, Noël Coward, an earl and a marquis. Then one day she met a tall, sandy-haired, relaxed American business man. His name was Richard Aldrich. He was the man she chose.



With her hair dyed blonde, Gertie went overseas to entertain the troops. But soon the tour turned into unadulterated torture

We marvelled . . . chiefly because she had kept her secret so well. Yet this apparently prize extrovert kept some of her secrets beyond the grave. Only half a dozen people knew that she could no longer have children . . .

In 1939 Gertie was a radiant creature. She was glowingly happy to be married at last. In addition to her part in "Lady In The Dark," Gertie now ran the Theatre Wing of the British War Relief, served as Mayor of New Rochelle, organised a war bond sales in Madison Square at midnight, gave a pint of blood a week for American solders, organised a blood bank so that British soldiers could get American blood and vice versa.

She had a radio show that paid her £3,750 a week. The critics thought it boring. Gertie, they said, had to be seen to be believed.

Then Lieut. Aldrich was promoted Lieut.-Commander. He went overseas to Southampton, England, and began to train American boat crews for the Normandy landings.

"Lady in the Dark" continued to do phenomenal business. It ran for three years. But much as she enjoyed her part as the psychopathic magazine editress, Liza Elliott, Gertie felt forlorn. Her husband was overseas. Pam was married to Doctor William Cahan. So Gertie pulled every string to get to England.

It was 1944 before she arrived among the bombs, the discomforts and the war's delays. Ernest Hemingway went with her, carried her luggage. Said Gertie: "I'm the belle for whom he toils."

From London Gertie went overseas "to entertain the troops." She had dyed her hair blonde. She would sing "All's Well, Mademoiselle" and crack a few jokes.

Her Beachhead



She established her own beachhead in Normandy, two months after D-Day. She swam ashore from a landing craft, wearing a pair of vast trunks and a borrowed brassière. "It was glorious," she said, as she landed, dripping.

But after this Gertie's ENSA tour began to a ghastly grind. Gaiety only survived the first few days. She hadn't enough to eat. She suffered from "Stomach de Normandy" (a polite word for dysentery). She got within 12 miles of Le Havre before she found it was enemy-occupied.

Gertie was getting more and more tired. And she was not the huge success with the troops that she had expected. They did not understand her wise-cracks, only her most sentimental songs would "go." "It was wonderful," said Gertie, afterwards. "It was fine. But it was sheer, unadulterated torture."

Ill, hungry, feeling her self-confidence slowly disappearing, Gertie crept back to America, to her little wooden house on Cape Cod to recuperate.

It was while she was there that her friend, best-selling Daphne Du Maurier, sent her a play. Gertie knew what would "go over big" in New York. She knew what would be a success in London. She knew that Daphne's play, "September Tide," could be a hit in London, if she, Gertie, were to play it. Very well, then, Gertie would do it.

The 61-year-old war horse of the theatre had already smelt glory. But she said that the first night of "September Tide" [illegible] she had ever [illegible] with the warmth and affection [illegible] audience. Gertie knew this was something to sniff and [illegible] the rest of her [illegible] known such a night," said Gertie, sobbing [illegible]

In spite of the gigantic success of "The King and I" [illegible] gossip began to say her step had lost its spring . . . that she looked her age . . . that there was nothing quite so aging as dyed red hair. (She dyed her hair to play Mrs Anna.)

Through the hot and clammy summer of 1951 Gertie battled on, as whispering about her "listless performance" grew around her. Only Dorothy, her maid, knew of the ever-present bottle of aspirin, the fear that Gertie somehow held at bay.

She left for her holiday on Cape Cod. When she arrived back in New York she seemed perfectly fit—tanned and rested. Nobody, least of all Gertie, hinted at the malignant tumour that was destroying her.

Gertie came back into "The King and I" on Monday, August 11, 1952. She was always in pain. During that last tragic fortnight William Hood, her chauffeur, never left the theatre. He stood by her with the car, somehow sure he would be needed. And when the curtain fell Gertie did not go on talking now as she used to in the old days, saying that she needed to "wind down." She lay back on the cushions of her car—utterly destroyed.

She gave in on Saturday, August 16. She was admitted to the Baker Pavilion of the New York Hospital. The immediate diagnosis was "an acute disorder of the liver." She was fed intravenously.

She passed into a coma at 5.30 a.m. on Saturday, September 6, 1952. She died three hours later, with her husband at her bedside. Four hundred miles away her dog ran howling into the hall of her house on Cape Cod, where he stood and shivered and would not be comforted. That was how Dorothy, her maid, knew she was dead.

Criticism



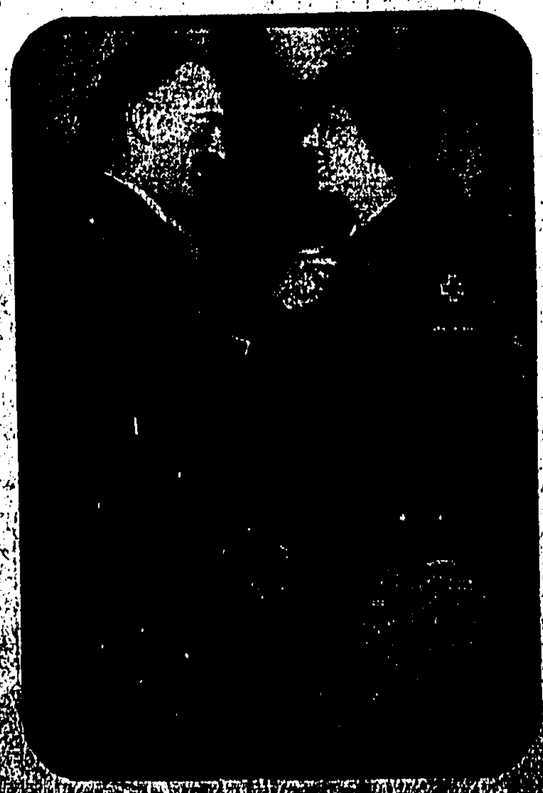
SUMMONED to the Royal Box, Gertie asked if Her Majesty was enjoying the play, had any criticism to make. "I do find it a little hard to hear," said Queen Mary.

"There, dears, you see we must all speak up," said Gertie to the young principals, Michael Gough and Ann Leon. "Oh, it's only you I can't hear," said Queen Mary.

Then "September Tide" closed and Gertie went to Hollywood to make the film of "The Glass Menagerie."

But this part of a faded Southern Belle wasn't right for her. Now she knew she needed a glamorous star role. For Broadway hadn't seen her since 1944 and maybe Broadway was forgetting her. The part must come soon. Otherwise it would be too late.

But the part turned up. Hammerstein and Rodgers, of "Oklahoma" and "South Pacific" fame, planned to make a musical based on "Anna and the King of Siam." Would Gertie care to play Anna?



The beloved girl went straight to her fortune teller. Gertie, she said mysteriously, *would only succeed in a role that began and ended with "A."*

Gertie plunged into one of the most exhausting parts ever written for a woman on the musical stage.

Her costumes weighed 28lb. each. They were so heavy that the hoops of her crinoline were replaced by aluminium and bamboo.

She made a joke of her misery, told witty stories to sympathetic reporters. Only Gertie knew that she was killing herself.

She had seven changes in "The King and I"—one of which had to be over in two minutes 12 seconds, in a portable dressing-room in the wings. Every time she stepped into the dressing-room she had to crawl under a curtain.

"There's one thing I definitely don't like about this play," said Gertie. "I never get a chance to sit on anything that has a back to it: and me a Victorian lady what has to sit prim and upright. Oh! my aching back."

But what were her aches and pains to Gertie? She was a roaring success. She was back on Broadway with a bang. And off-stage she continued to pretend that there was nothing wrong with her.

She was sworn in as an air raid warden of Sector A, Zone 1, of New York City. She was made a Doctor of Fine Arts in two Universities, became a Professor of Dramatic Art at Columbia. She gloried in her new academic qualifications. But now she refused to be photographed before or after class, where previously she had been most co-operative. And

To her fans



THERE was an autopsy. Surgeons found that she had died of cancer of the liver in one of its most acute forms.

Gertie left $84,000 (£22,000), willing her clothes, personal possessions and two-thirds of her estate to Pamela, her daughter, to be held in trust for her until she is 40. To her husband she left one-third of her estate, and he determined to devote it to cancer research.

To her fans she left a thousand memories—all of them near poetry.

Cables from England begged that Gertie should be buried in London, where she was born. Her husband could not agree. He buried her at Upton, Massachusetts, in a family grave where eight generations of Aldriches lie at rest.

This grave is now the focus of an American pilgrimage. No one in America can forget Gertrude Lawrence. Streets have been named for her: there is to be a theatre called after her.

On Broadway, on Shaftsbury Avenue in September the lights went out. For three minutes we were silent, remembering a little girl from Clapham who had danced her way so lightly, through hardship to the stars. "She made me laugh," says Noel Coward. "That is why I miss her so."

On Fifth Avenue the Presbyterian Church, built to hold 800, was packed with a crowd of 1,800 who came to pay her homage. The list of mourners read like a volume of Who's Who in the Theatre.

But an old couple outside in Fifth Avenue held hands. They had seen her together in "Private Lives." She was a part of their honeymoon.

And all over London, the stage-door men, who have seen so many stars rise and shine, so many shows go on—they [illegible] "laughing lady" [illegible] Gertie [illegible]

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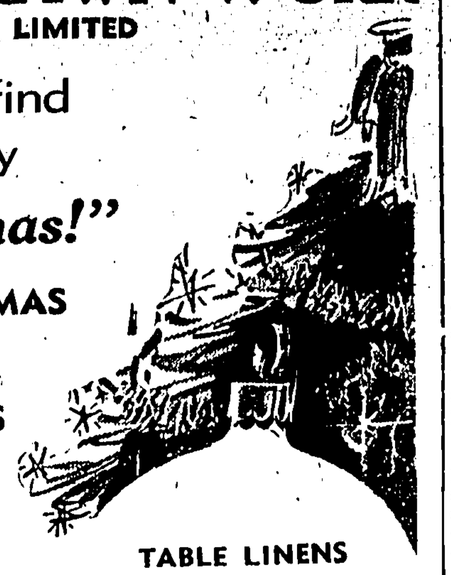
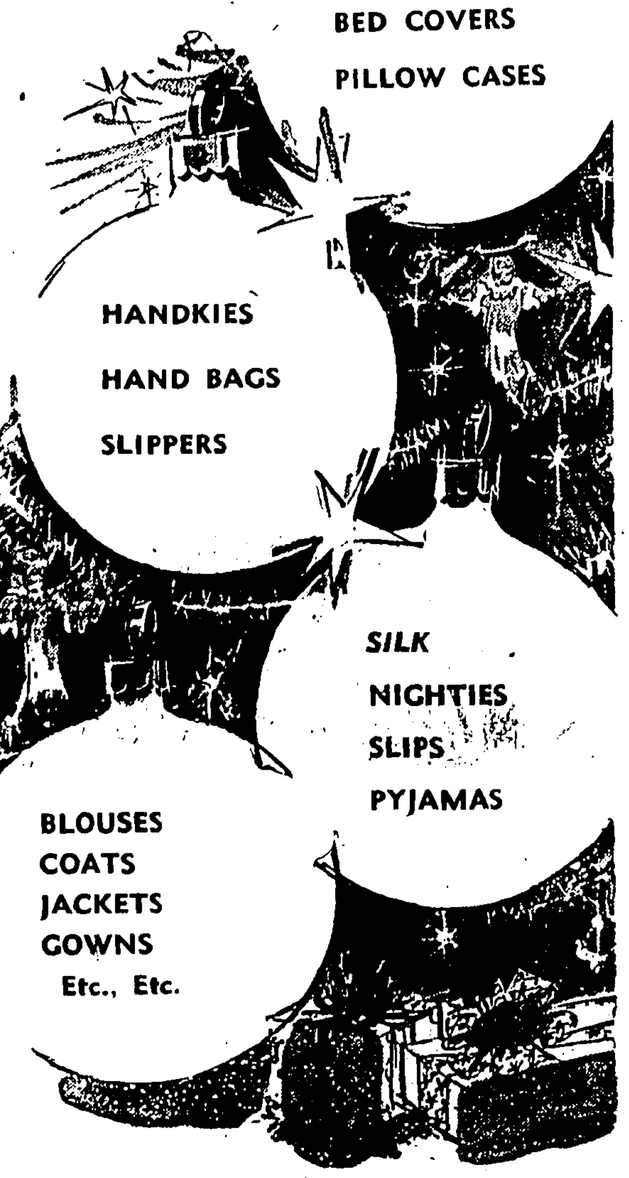


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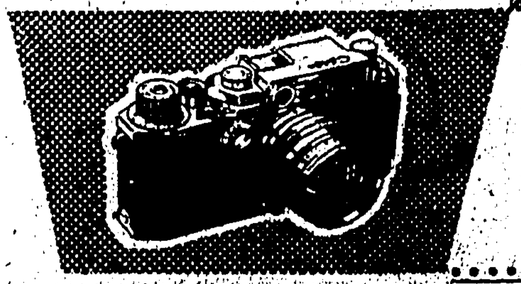
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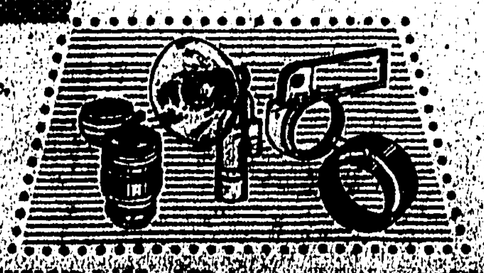
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The Sphinx Backs This "Christmas Lark"

By LES ARMOUR

"THANK heaven," said the Fearsome Gargoyle, "that it only lasts for one day of the year.

"Have you any idea what would happen if his Christmas hokum went on all the year around?"

George, the cast-iron lion from Trafalgar Square, eyed him carefully. He didn't really want to start the Gargoyle off again. But the challenge was too hard to resist.

"No," he said.

"Well," said the Gargoyle, thumping his wing against the stone roof of his Whitehall ministry with a resounding flap, "I'll tell you.

"The whole of the country would go bankrupt for one thing. The citizen, suitably indoctrinated from birth, works with tolerable vigour all the year round—driven forward by the sober desire to earn money.

* * *

"Once a year he goes off his head and starts giving it away—pots of geraniums for Aunt Maud and terrifying tartan ties for Uncle Albert, not to mention toy A-bomb sets for little Jack.

"All the year round the citizen is imbued with the proper competitive spirit and strives to dislodge the man in the next job up and to acquire a house with more noiseless flush toilets than Jones at the next desk.

"Then, once a year you fill him full of this goodwill-toward-men twaddle.

"This is all very nice so long as you only do one day in the year. But what if we started having goodwill on the nineteenth of February or the twenty-first of June?

"Why, the whole dashed world would be filled with potted geraniums, tartan ties and woolly toy Santa Clauses, and nobody would have time to do anything useful, like making lead pipe.

* * *

"The next thing you'd know, we'd all be going around turning the other cheek and that sort of mularky!"

George suspected a trap. "Is that bad?"

"Try it sometime," said the Gargoyle acidly. "Ask the politicians about it. A half-wit idea. The other guy never turns the other cheek.

"Try it on the Russians for instance. . . ."

George lifted a paw in mild protest. "Can't recall any Biblical passages saying that goodwill had anything to do with what the other guy (if you must add nasty words like that to your vocabulary) does."

"Hah!" snorted the Gargoyle. "Of course there aren't any. That's just why this whole Christmas lark is a big fraud. Nobody really expects this nice stuff to come to pass in reality.

"Not practical. Economically unsound. Politically unsound. Just there to make you feel good. We can afford it once a year, I suppose. . . . .

"But, as I was saying, just try it on the Russians. Next thing you know, there won't be anybody to turn the other cheek.

"Peace on earth, hah! Armed truce on earth for a little while, maybe. . . ."

George was getting confused. All this had him stumped. "I don't know," he said at last. "I'm just a cast-iron lion, not very bright, but I figure there's something in all this just the same.

"But, wait, here comes the Sphinx from the Embankment. Maybe he knows."

"Sphinxes," said the Gargoyle firmly, "don't talk. Everybody knows that. Even half-wit lions."

"Ah," said George, "but this is an English Sphinx. He talks to me sometimes."

* * *

The Sphinx sat down on the roof. "Good evening, gentlemen," he said slowly, "or should I say. . . ."

"Gentlemen will do," said the Gargoyle, rather coldly.

"You're just the man we're looking for," said George, brightening. "The Gargoyle here says. . . ."

"I know what the Gargoyle says. I could hear him half a mile away. He really should be more careful. If the Ministry of Works gets to hear that we talk, there'll be trouble, you just wait.

"But I think he's missed the point. I've been around for quite a while now — seen a few civilisations come and go, Egyptians, Greeks, Romans, that kind of thing—and I think there is something in this Christmas hokum, as he calls it."

"What!" snapped the Gargoyle. "You mean you've gone Christian in your old age?"

"Not quite. That takes a little doing, you see. Even for a Sphinx." The old enigmatic smile had crept back on to his face.

"But if you really want me to philosophise, I think maybe it's rather like this: You would all agree that it's right to give water to thirsty dogs and that it's wrong to shoot up old ladies?"

* * *

They nodded—with puzzled looks on their faces.

The Sphinx went on: "But it wouldn't be right to give water to a specific thirsty dog if the dog happened to be suffering from some disease so that it might die if it drank water? And it would be right to shoot up an old lady if that were the way to stop her from machine-gunning a hundred people?"

They nodded again and looked even more bewildered.

"I can see you're wondering what all this is about. Well, let's get back to turning the other cheek and showing Christian charity and promoting goodwill.

"I suppose philosophers would express the problem by saying that ethical principles always involve factual considerations.

"But what it means is that there's no use turning the other cheek against somebody like Adolph Hitler if that simply lands you, in a world where it won't matter much any more whether anyone turns the other cheek or not.

* * *

"That doesn't make the principle wrong. It just means that there are some situations where its application does more harm than good.

"The principles are a sort of goal if you like—towards which we're supposed to be working. And it seems to be a jolly good thing to remind ourselves of the goal once in a while.

"And if potted geraniums and terrible tartan ties and woolly toy Santa Clauses help to remind us, then jwell and good. Your lead pipes can wait a while.

"But we must pack this up, I'm afraid. Be morning soon and the citizens will be a little upset if they find us gone on Christmas day. . . . . ."

DON'T FORGET THE CHRIST IN CHRISTMAS

Says The Rev. P. B. ("Tubby") Clayton

Founder of Toc H and Chaplain to the Queen

CHRISTMAS is a time of celebration. And so it should be. But the meaning of this festival has become partially lost in the world of commercialism. The accent today is, for the most part, on eating, drinking, making merry and handing around presents, rather than on glorifying God in thanks for His greatest gift—His Son, Jesus.

In the catacombs, Christmas was celebrated as early as the 1st century A.D. The traditional presence of the ox and ass about the manger and the Adoration of the Magi and the Nativity Star are preserved in drawings on the walls. Yet, in the early church, there is no mention of gifts having been distributed. Christmas was essentially a religious day commemorating the birth of Our Lord. The giving and receiving of presents became a practice only when Christmas Day was combined with the pagan winter festival.

The first Christmas

Most people will have seen paintings depicting the first Christmas. The scene is a familiar one — a stable with animals in the background and the central figures of Mary and the Child Jesus. However, the picture is not complete without three other figures—the three wise men who saw the bright star and followed it until it marked the place of Jesus's birth in Bethlehem.

You all know the tale, I am sure. These men were so profoundly affected by what was happening, that they were eager to offer up some kind of thanks. They made the journey to the inn, and presented their gold, frankincense and myrrh to the Child Jesus. These were the first presents, and they were given, in a sense, as an offering of thanksgiving.

But remember—the wise men came *first* to adore and to praise, and *secondly* to present their gifts.

If we have forgotten what Christmas really stands for, let us try to remember that scene of nearly 2,000 years ago. There is no manger and crib now, but there are the Christian churches. The first act of worship took place in a stable. Today, we can worship in comfortable, often beautiful buildings.

What is more thrilling for Christians than to go to church at Christmas to join in prayer and song, glorifying God and wishing peace to men of goodwill? When is the wish to make an offering—to present a gift of money for the furthering of God's work—stronger than at Christmas, when everyone is rich in heart, if not in pocket.

The first duty

This year before you begin your merry-making, before you distribute your prezents, go to church first. Remember, Christmas is, first and foremost, the anniversary of the birth of Christ. And the best way to celebrate that event is to offer your devotions in your parish church. That should be the first duty of every Christian on Christmas Day.

The early Christians taught us the essentials of Christmas—to worship and adore. Some even paid with their lives for this privilege. In 303 A.D., about 20,000 Christians are thought to have perished as they assembled to commemorate the Nativity, when the Emperor Diocletian burned the town of Bithynia.

Let us take our example from those early Christians, who kept the anniversary of Our Lord's birth even under the most adverse circumstances."

The first thought

Do remember, that although the three wise men presented the first gifts, presents were not generally distributed until later centuries. Christmas is kept as a church feast, because it is the anniversary of the birth of Christ. That should be the fundamental thought. The rest is secondary.

So go to church on Christmas Day and glorify God. Christmas will mean much more to you, if you do.

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What To Wear When the INVITATION says 'BLACK TIE'...



London.

CHRISTMAS is party time. No matter her age, job or dress budget, every woman wants to look her best.

What do you wear when the invitation says "Black Tie"?

The other night I went to an elegant party given by the Irish Ambassador and his lovely wife, Mrs Frederick Boland.

Our hostess, who is a well-known Dublin painter under her maiden name of Frances Kelly, wore a full-length evening gown of emerald velvet.

Mrs Digby Morton, the blonde wife of the couturier, had chosen a long-sleeved dinner dress in fine black wool.

Mrs Hugh Gaitskell and I wore short silk cocktail dresses and Mrs O'Sullivan from Dublin compromised with a long-sleeved ballerina black lace.

Never has fashion been more fluid for party dress.

Artist Rix has sketched here some perfect party dresses for all ages.

The teenager wears a sleeveless, short dress in spot-proof faille. It has the new long body line and an unusual band of smocking on the hips.

For the young married a short dress in peacock organza, with a romantic tiered skirt.

Dark green taffeta for the older woman in the sketch has a matching jacket that makes the dress look like a smart cocktail suit.

—EILEEN ASCROFT

Are You The Grecian Type Or A Pocket Venus?

By DOROTHY BARKLEY

SEEKING new fashion ideas for the party season?

This year, though there is greater variety in styles than ever before, the accent is on colour. There is a swing away from pastel shades to bright, clear colours. And it is easy to see why these new tones will be popular.

Soft pinks and blues are pretty, but they are dazzled by Christmas decorations. Tulle and net may be attractive, but they lose their effect against a glittering Christmas tree.

Not for you the sugar almond shades, but rich colours like sapphire, flamenco pink or Vermeer blue. And not the flimsy fabrics, but lavish satins or brocades which stand up against a gleaming background!

So much for colour. As for style, the bell skirt is the most important detail for this year's evening dresses. It came a few months ago from Paris, where Dior showed it on tunic-topped satin dresses, and Jacques Fath on strapless black velvet styles. Perhaps the chief attraction of the bell skirt is that it goes equally well with the short evening dress as with the long.

If you are what the fashion designers call the Grecian type —"finely chiselled features and a statuesque figure" — then you, will be choosing a Grecian style evening dress. Usually these are in silk jersey with a draped bodice and gathered skirt. If you are what they term a "pocket Venus"—under five-foot-two with a trim figure — then you need a "little girl" dress. You might like one with a bell skirt, but watch for the "little girl" details—the bows on the shoulder straps, the boot buttons marching down the front, the calf-length skirt.

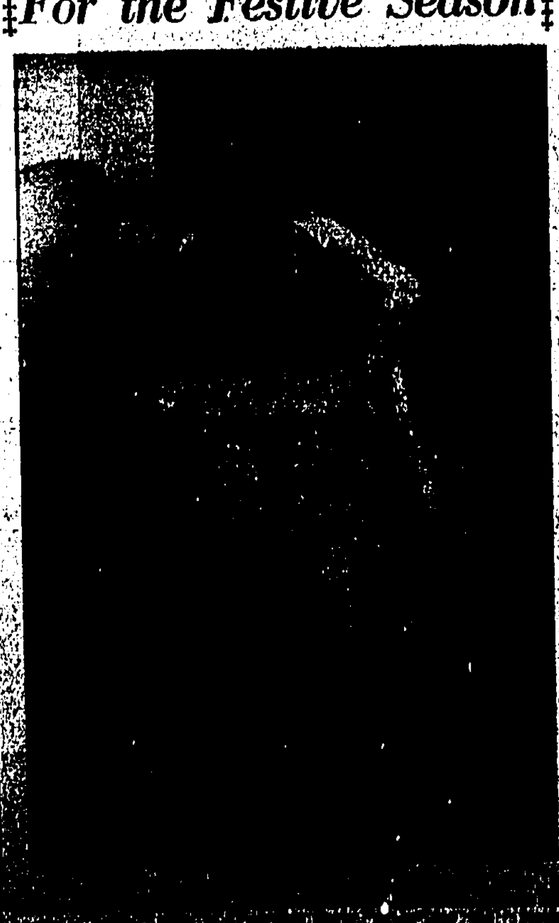
Biggest change in accessories since last year is the come-back of low-heeled shoes. These have Louis heels about an inch and a half high, and contrive to be comfortable without being mannish. Fashion-conscious women who have suffered silently for months past in stiletto-heeled French shoes are now making gratefully into these latest styles.

Evening hats seem to have taken inspiration from the joke hats found in Christmas crackers. One of them is a chignon hat which consists simply of a piece of black satin draped halo-fashion round the top of the head, then swept back and knotted into a chignon on the nape of the neck. In this way, so they tell us, those who didn't grow their hair when the long hair vogue came in a few months ago will catch up with the rest.

Christmas, though, isn't only parties, and you will probably want something new for home wear. From the host of new ideas for casual clothes, one of the following might suit: a skirt in the new velvet printed to resemble plaid, leopard skin or a colourful section from a stained glass window; Eastern shoes with up-pointed toes gleaming with bead embroidery; or a sweater with a hood attached.

But Christmas is the time for enjoying ourselves, so make sure beforehand that your wardrobe can cope with all invitations likely to come your way. See that it contains "something for everything." It's distressing to have a wardrobe of ball dresses when your mantelpiece is packed with invitations to cocktail parties.

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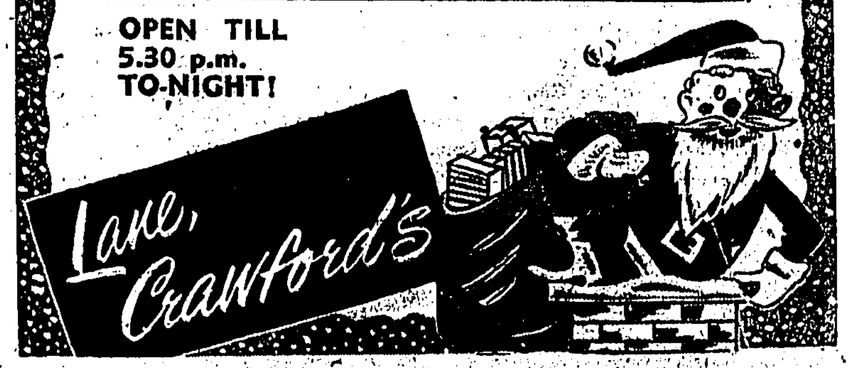
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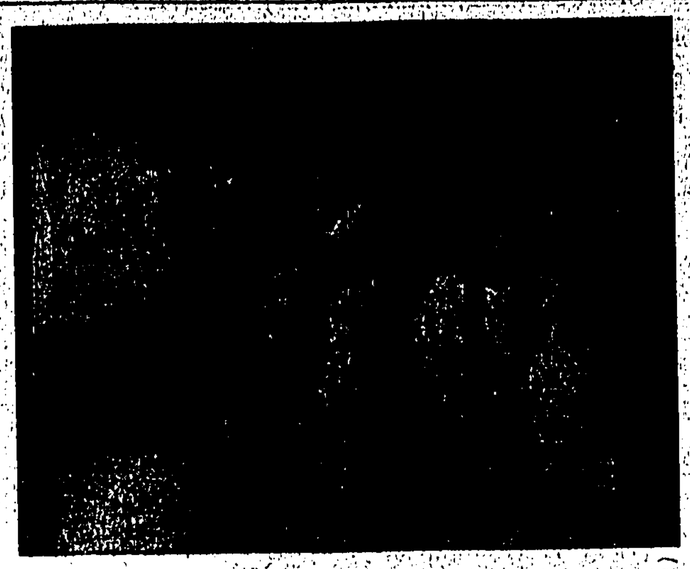
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ST ANDREW'S CHURCH, Kowloon, celebrated its golden jubilee on December 13, and special services were held to mark the occasion. His Excellency the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, opened a Lych Gate which was dedicated by the Bishop of Hongkong. Top picture was taken after the opening. Lower photo shows the present Church Council. The Vicar, the Rev. J. H. Ogilvie, is seated in centre. (Staff Photographer)



THE Bishop of Hongkong, the Rt Rev. R. O. Hall, officiating at the dedication of the foundation stone of the College of St John the Evangelist, a new hostel for the Hongkong University. (Staff Photographer)



PROCESSION filing into St John's Cathedral last Sunday for the annual church service of English Freemasonry in Hongkong and South China. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: Wedding at the Catholic Cathedral last Saturday of Mr Armando Lux and Miss Evelyn Beatrice Mauricio. (Staff Photographer)

BELOW: Procession in Kowloon last Sunday—part of the celebrations marking the golden jubilee of the Rosary Church. (Staff Photographer)



ADMIRAL Sir Charles Lambe, Commander-in-Chief, Far East Station (right), greeted on his arrival at Kai Tak last week by Rear-Admiral G. V. Gladstone, Flag Officer Second-in-Command. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: Lieut. Anthony Hugh Dickins, RN, and Miss Pamela Margaret Eyles after their wedding at St John's Cathedral last Saturday. (Staff Photographer)







MR and Mrs Charles Howard (seated third and fourth from left), formerly of Shanghai, celebrated their golden wedding on December 10, and they are here seen with some friends on the happy occasion. (Staff Photographer)

SCENE from the Nativity play presented by children of the Nakura Nursery School at their end of term concert.

BELOW: Colonel H. S. Lee, Cabinet Member for Transport of the Federation of Malaya, was entertained to dinner by old boys of Queen's College on his recent visit. Col. Lee is seated sixth from right. Sixth from left is Mr Yeung Wing-hong, President of the Queen's College Old Boys' Association.



WE BOOK

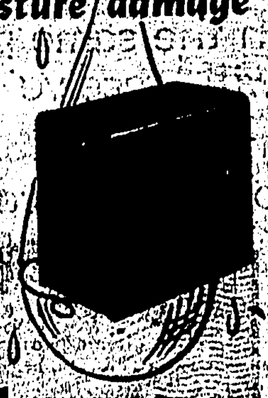
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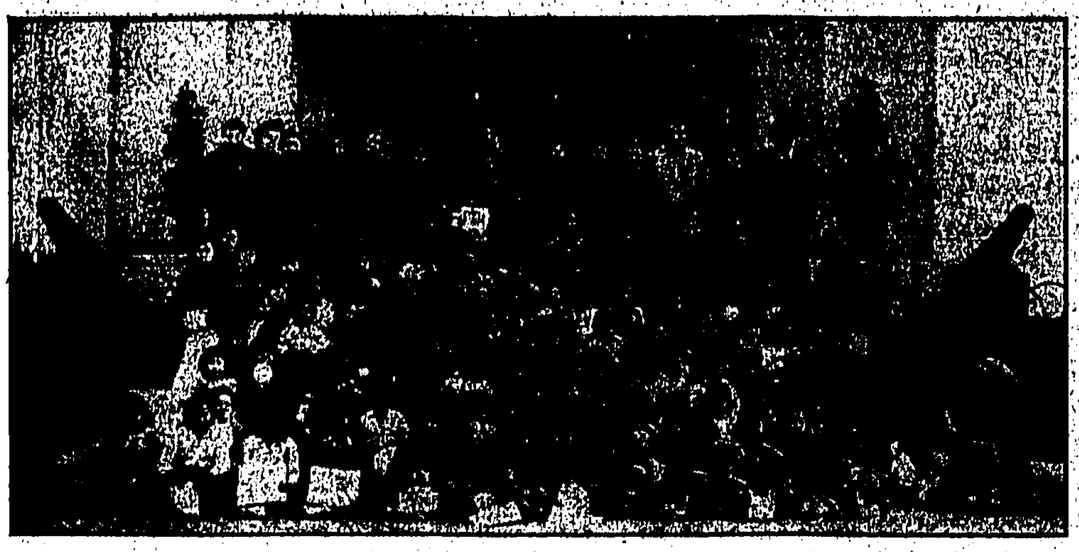
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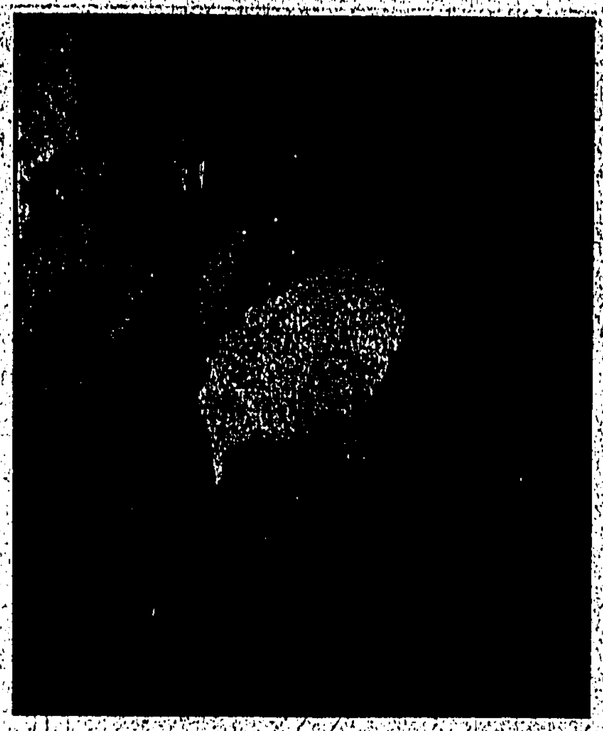
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AT the Royal Hongkong Defence Force Headquarters last Sunday afternoon, a number of children from the boys' and girls' clubs were guests of the Hongkong Women's Auxiliary Army Corps at a Christmas party. Games were played, and the children all received gifts. This group picture was taken during the afternoon. (Staff Photographer).



MR Lawrence Leong (right), who has just resigned as Magistrate, was feted by Judicial Department colleagues at the Kin Kwok Restaurant. On left is the Acting Chief Justice, Mr Justice T. J. Gould. (Staff Photographer)



LAST Sunday's christening at St John's Cathedral of Angela Mary Slater, infant daughter of Mr and Mrs P. N. Slater. (Ming Yuen)



AT the Ricci Hall silver jubilee celebrations this week. His Excellency the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, toasts the success of the hostel. On extreme right is the Rev. Fr F. Cronin, the Warden, and next to him is Mr Edmund Lee, Chairman of the Ricci Hall Students' Association. (Staff Photographer)



THE Hongkong Singers performing Coleridge-Taylor's "Hiawatha's Wedding Feast" in the Great Hall of Hongkong University on Monday. The performance was broadcast. The conductor was Dr L. T. Ride. (Staff Photographer)



AT a farewell party given at the Education Department for Mr G. P. Ferguson (centre), who is going home on retirement. With Mr Ferguson are the Hon. D. J. S. Crozier, Director of Education (left), and Mr L. G. Morgan. (Staff Photographer)



MR E. M. G. Hanlon, who has retired after many years with the Dairy Farm, Ice and Cold Storage Co., Ltd., seen with Dr the Hon. S. N. Chau at a farewell party at which Dr Chau presented him with a gift from his colleagues. (Staff Photographer)



WEDDING of Mr Robert Seymour Beecham and Miss Jeannine Marie Warwick-Greville at St John's Cathedral last Saturday. (Staff Photographer)



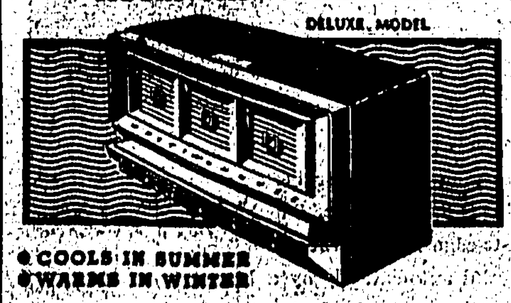
THE 12th exhibition of Hongkong products was opened by His Excellency the Governor on Thursday. The official party is seen making a round of the stands. The exhibition is larger this year, and more new goods are being shown. (Staff Photographer)

THE annual Police Revue took place on Wednesday. Here is a shot showing the Police Dog Team, under Sub-Inspector G. K. Day, which provided a turn full of excitement. (Staff Photographer)

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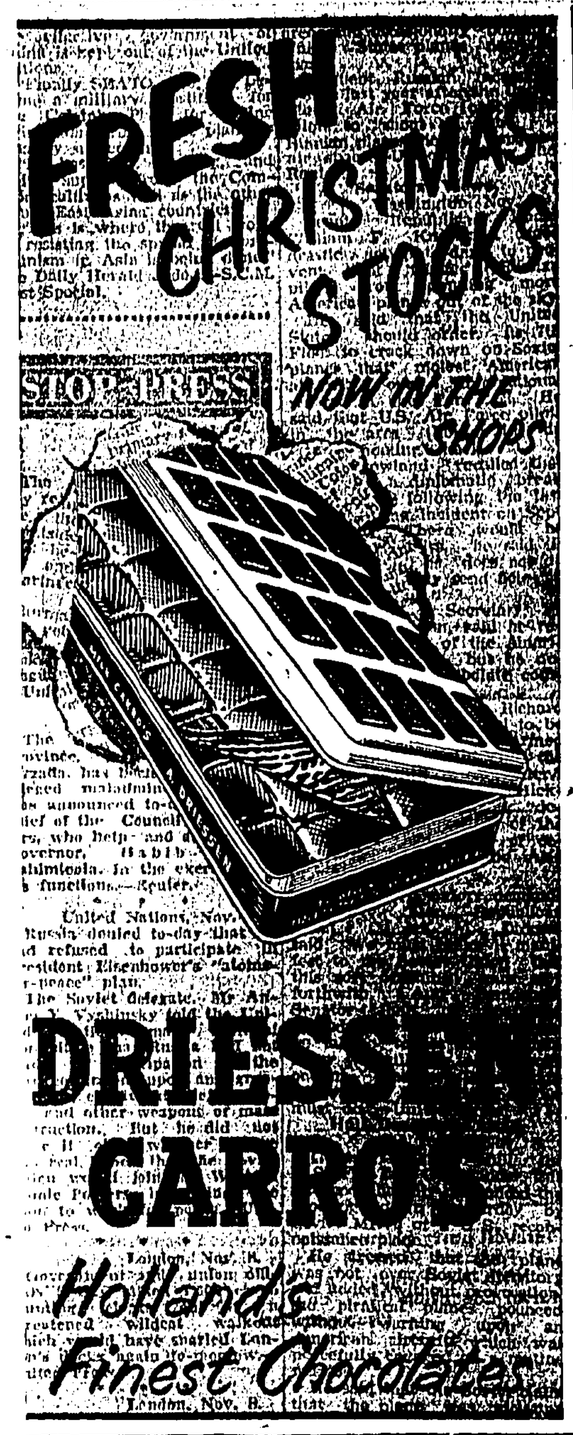
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Christmas At Home

Why Not Combine The Traditional Fare With The Exotic?

A Global Selection Of Christmas Recipes

By JOAN ERSKINE

AT Christmas, food usually presents a problem. Do you keep to the time-honoured recipes that have served you so well in the past, or do you experiment recklessly, and try out new ideas? We would suggest this year a compromise. Without abandoning your favourite Christmas recipes completely, turn to other countries for inspiration, and introduce a little variety into the festive fare.

The majority of the recipes below, collected from reliable friends all over the world, are for sweet palates, and are easy and quick to prepare.

Italy

PIZZA "FIGLIATA": This excellent sweet consists of short-crust rolled out thinly, sprinkled or brushed over with honey and strewn with chopped walnuts and hazel nuts, chopped candied peel and mixed spices. It is then rolled up to form a long sausage, and this is twisted into a spiral and baked in a moderate oven for 30 minutes till it is of a golden colour.

Austria

SARDELL IN MUSCHELN (Anchovies in shells): This is a very special hors-d'oeuvre, made by creaming 6 ozs. butter, then adding the yolks of four eggs, a few pounded anchovies, 1½ ozs. grated Parmesan cheese, chopped chives, and finally the white of egg beaten to a stiff froth. The mixture is put on scallop shells and cooked in a hot oven for ten minutes.

Hungary

BOSZORKANYHAB (Witches' froth):

Ingredients: 2 lbs apples, whites of 2 or 3 eggs, 6 tablespoons sugar, little lemon juice, sliced fresh fruit, whipped cream.

Method: Bake the apples till very soft, remove the peel and core and rub the pulp through a sieve. When quite cold, add this pulp gradually to the whites of eggs beaten to a very stiff snow, to which the sugar and lemon juice have been added. Put on a glass dish and garnish with slices of fresh fruit and whipped cream.

Sweden

GRADDVAFFLER (Swedish waffles): Whip 1 pint of sour cream till quite stiff and add 3 cups of flour, gradually, 2 ozs. of melted butter and 1 gill of water—in Sweden the equivalent amount of snow is used and this is said to improve the waffles. Pour a little of the mixture on the well-greased and hot waffle iron and cook to a golden brown. Serve with sugar or jam.

Denmark

RISENGROD (Rice porridge): ½ lb. of rice, 4 pints of milk, butter, cream, beer, cinnamon, salt. Put the rice (previously washed in cold water and scalded with boiling water) in the boiling milk. Stir well and simmer for one hour. Season with a little salt and add thick cream just before serving. This is eaten with a lump of cold butter in each plate, a little sweet beer, sugar and cinnamon.

America

CREOLE COOKIES:

Ingredients:
- 12 oz. plain flour
- 2 level teaspoons baking powder
- 6 ozs. margarine
- 4 ozs. sugar
- 1 tablespoon coffee syrup (recipe follows)
- ½ teaspoon vanilla
- Pinch of salt
- Roughly chopped nuts and ginger or raisins
- 2 eggs
- Golden syrup (or molasses if available)

Method: Beat the margarine and sugar to a cream. Add the well-beaten eggs (keeping back half an egg to brush over cookies later) vanilla and coffee syrup. Then mix in the flour, which has been sifted with the baking powder and salt, until the whole is a stiff dough. Roll out on a floured board till about an eighth of an inch thick. Cut with a 3-inch cutter into biscuits. Brush with the remains of the egg into which a teaspoon of golden syrup or molasses has been beaten, and sprinkle with chopped nuts and chopped ginger. Bake in a moderate oven for 15 minutes. This amount should make about 30 cookies.

COFFEE SYRUP:

Ingredients:
- 4 tablespoons ground or vacuum-packed coffee
- ½ pint water
- 4 tablespoons brown sugar
- ½ teaspoon vanilla

Method: Infuse the coffee and water by your usual method and strain it very carefully, making sure no grounds pass through, into a clean saucepan. Add the brown sugar and bring to the boil; let it simmer for two minutes. Remove from the heat, add vanilla and allow the mixture to cool. Then pour it off into a bottle, cork it and store in the refrigerator or a very cool place till required.

Greece

KOURABIEDES: (Greek shortbread) (Popular throughout Greece and eaten on all festive occasions). Cream ½ lb. butter, work in gradually 1 lb. flour, ½ lb. icing sugar and 1 teaspoon of baking powder. Work thoroughly, roll out and divide into pieces 2 inches wide and about 3 inches long. Bake in a slow oven for ¾ hour without browning. When done, dip in icing sugar, being careful that each piece is evenly coated.

Morocco

BANANA FRITTERS: The bananas are peeled, cut into ½ lengthwise and cooked in liqueur. They are then dipped in a good frying batter, flavoured with the same liqueur in which the bananas were marinated, sprinkled with breadcrumbs and fried in hot fat to a golden colour.

Arabia

FOUJA DJEDJAD (Apples stuffed with chicken): Cut a slice from the top of an apple, remove the core, but without piercing the other side of the fruit and carefully scoop out some of the interior. Fill with chopped breast of chicken and a few cloves. Sprinkle with sugar, brown breadcrumbs, moisten with a little fat and bake in the oven.

Festive Decorations With A Difference

By Joan O'Sullivan

EVERY year it's the same way — suddenly it's Christmas! And there's hardly time to do half the things that must be done before the holiday. "Half the things" include some festive decorations for your home.

There are still a few days left in which to hurry up and make a Merry Christmas!

Consider the outside of the house first. Of course you'll want a gay decoration for the front door.

You can make an attractive spray by tying together a few pine branches hung with burned-out electric light bulbs, which look quite festive when you dress them up with strips of holiday gift-wrap tape. The cellophane tape comes in green and red Yuletide patterns. It sticks easily to the glass and enables you to create all kinds of pretty designs. Finish off your spray with a satin-like bow and you're set.

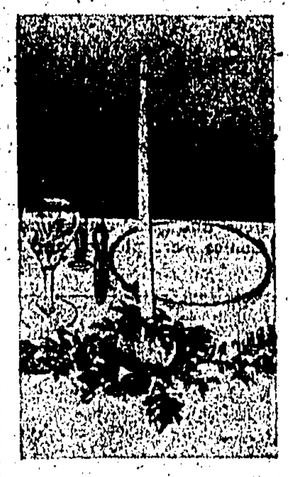


HOLIDAY GIFT wrap tape can be applied to burned out electric bulbs to make novel ornaments.

Your table must reflect the holiday season—and mirrors are a sure way to do this. Place a centrepiece on a table mirror and in front of a wall mirror and you'll have triple decorations thanks to the reflections.

For the centrepiece, make a little Christmas tree by shaping chicken wire into a 12 to 18-inch high cone. Wrap the cone with aluminium foil. Insert sprigs of holly, spruce or other greens, and trim with berries and small ornaments. Set the tree in a shallow bowl filled with coloured Christmas tree ornaments.

Candles enhance table settings, too. For something really sparkling, use apples as candle holders. Core out the centre of the apple. Spray the apple with gold, copper or bronze enamel, and while the enamel is still wet, sprinkle with gold wink. Insert a coloured candle and place your apple on a bed of huckleberry, or magnolia leaves, which have been sprayed and sprinkled with wink.



AN APPLE, sprayed gold, is a glittering and novel holder for a glowing green Christmas candle.

Josephine Terry fills your

Punch Bowl

PUNCH is a favourite Christmas drink. To add variety to your list of drinks, here are some recipes:

HOT CIDER PUNCH

Ingredients: 1 quart cider; 1 pint water; 1 level teaspoon ground ginger or cloves.

Mix cider and water. Stir in the spices with a little of the liquid, and add the rest slowly, stirring. Heat in covered pan. Taste for sweetness, and if necessary add a little sugar, but make sure it is completely dissolved before serving.

COLD CIDER PUNCH

Ingredients: 1 quart cider; 1 pint soda water (plain water will do, but not so well); ½ pint bottled or tinned fruit with juice.

Mix cider and fruit, cover, leave to stand for at least an hour. Add soda water just before serving.

Taste for sweetening and, if necessary, add a little honey or syrup.

HOT RUM PUNCH

Ingredients: 2 parts dark rum; 2 parts lemon squash; 1 part red wine (optional); 3 parts water; ½ teaspoon mixed spice or cinnamon to every pint mixture. Honey, syrup or sugar to taste.

Mix all liquids. Sprinkle spices finely over liquid. Heat in a covered pan.

COLD RUM PUNCH

Ingredients: 2 parts dark rum; 1 part orange squash; 1 part water; one-third part lime cordial; a few dashes bitters (optional).

Mix together and stir well to blend.

CIDER SPECIAL

Ingredients: 1 quart cider; 1 bottle white wine; 1 wine bottle full of water; bottled or tinned fruit (up to ¾ pint).

Soak fruit in cider for at least an hour, pour in other ingredients and taste for sweetening. If sugar is added, first dissolve completely in a little hot water.

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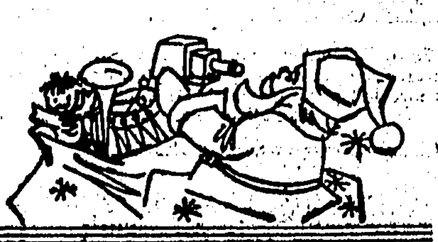
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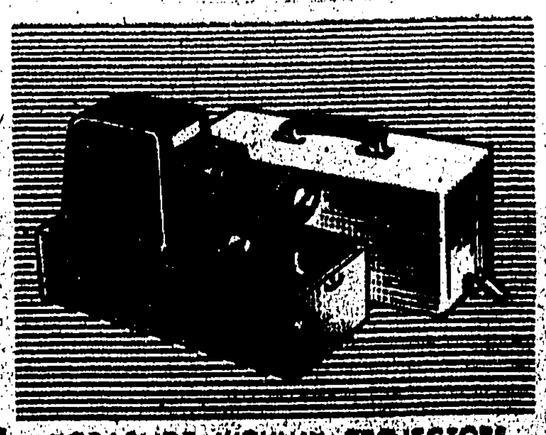
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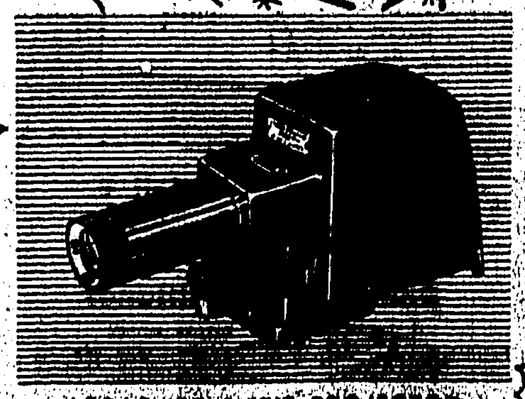
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Margery Allingham, a reviewer has declared, could "Bat No. 1 for England in any crime fiction Test Match." Here she displays her skill in creating atmosphere—a Christmassy atmosphere—for a murder theme. Mr Campion, favourite fiction detective, appears

On Christmas Day In The Morning

By MARGERY ALLINGHAM

SIR Leo Persuivant, the Chief Constable, had been sitting in his comfortable study after a magnificent lunch and talking shyly of the sadness of Christmas while his guest, Mr Campion, most favoured of his large house party, had been laughing at him gently.

It was true, the younger man had admitted, his pale eyes sleepy behind his horn-rimmed spectacles, that, however good the organisation, the festival was never quite the same after one was middle-aged, but then only dear old Leo would expect it to be, and, meanwhile, what a truly remarkable bird that had been!

But at that point the Superintendent had arrived with his grim little story and everything had seemed quite spoiled.

At the moment their visitor sat in a high-backed chair, against a panelled wall festooned with holly and tinsel, his round black eyes hard and preoccupied under his short grey hair.

SUPERINTENDENT Pussy was one of those lean and urgent countrymen who never quite lose their fondness for a genuine wonder. Despite years of experience and disillusion the thing that simply can't have happened and yet indubitably has retains a place in their cosmos.

He was holding forth about one now. It had already ruined his Christmas and had kept a great many other people out in the sleet all day, but nothing would induce him to leave it alone, even for five minutes.

The plate of turkey sandwiches, which Leo had insisted on ordering for him, were disappearing without him noticing them, and the glass of scotch and soda stood untasted at his side.

"You can see I had to come at once," he was saying for the third time. "I had to. I don't see what happened and that's a fact. It's a sort of miracle. Besides," he eyed them angrily, "fancy killing a poor old postman on Christmas morning! That's inhuman, isn't it? Unnatural."

Sir Leo nodded his white head. "Horrible," he agreed. "Now, let me get this clear. The man appears to have been run down at the Benham-Ashby crossroads...."

Pussy took a handful of cigarettes from the box at his side and arranged them in a cross on the shining surface of the table.

"Look," he said. "Here is the Ashby road with a slight bend in it and here, running at right angles slap through the curve, is the Benham road.

"THIS morning the Benham postman, old Fred Noakes, a bachelor, thank God, and a good chap, came along the Benham road loaded down with mail."

"On a bicycle," murmured Campion.

"Naturally. On a bicycle. He called at the last farm before the crossroads and left just about ten o'clock. We know that because he had a cup of tea there. Then his way led him over the crossing and on towards Benham proper."

He paused and looked up from his cigarettes.

"There was very little traffic early today, terrible weather all the time, and quite a bit of activity later, so we've got no skid marks to help us. Well, to resume, no one seems to have seen old Noakes, poor chap, until close on half an hour later."

"Then the Benham constable, who lives some three hundred yards from the crossing, on the Benham road, came out of his house and walked down to his gate to see if the post was coming."

"He saw the postman at once, lying in the middle of the road across his machine. He was dead then."

"YOU suggest he'd been trying to carry on, do you?" put in Leo.

"Yes. He was walking, pushing the bike, and had dropped in his tracks. There was a depressed fracture in the side of his skull where something—say a car mirror—had struck him.

"I've got the doctor's report. I'll show you that later. Meanwhile, there's something else."

Pussy's finger moved to his other line of cigarettes.

"Also, just about ten, there were a couple of fellows walking here on the Ashby road, just before the bend. They report that they were almost run down by a wildly driven saloon car which came up behind them.

"It missed and careered off out of their sight round the bend towards the crossing. But a few minutes later, half a mile farther on, on the other side of the crossroads, a police car met, and succeeded in stopping, the same saloon.

"There was a row, and the driver, getting the wind up suddenly, started up again, skidded and smashed the car on the nearest telephone pole. The car turned out to be stolen, and there were four half-full bottles of gin, in the back. The two occupants were both fighting drunk and are now detained."

Mr Campion took off his spectacles and blinked.

"You suggest that there was a connection, do you?" he murmured. "Fred and the gin drinkers met at the crossroads, in fact. Any signs on the car?"

PUSSY shrugged his shoulders.

"Our chaps are at work on that now," he said. "The second smash has complicated things a bit, but last time I phoned they were hopeful."

"But my dear fellow!" Sir Leo was puzzled. "If you can get expert evidence of a collision between the car and the postman, your worries are over."

"That is, of course, if the medical evidence permits the theory that the unfortunate fellow picked himself up and struggled the three hundred yards towards the constable's house."

Pussy hesitated.

"There's the trouble," he admitted. "If that were all, we'd be sitting pretty, but it's not, and I'll tell you why.

"In that three hundred yards of Benham road, between the crossing and the spot where old Fred died, there is a stile which leads to a footpath. Down the footpath, the best part of a quarter of a mile over very rough going, there is one small cottage, and at that cottage letters were delivered this morning.

"The doctor says Noakes might have staggered the three hundred yards up the road leaning on his bike, but he puts his foot down and says the other journey, over the stile and so on, would have been plain impossible."

"All of which would argue," observed Mr Campion brightly, "that the postman met a car after he came back from the cottage—between the stile and the policeman's house."

"That's what the Constable thought." Pussy's black eyes were snapping. "As soon as he'd telephoned for help he slipped down to the cottage to see if Noakes had called there.

"WHEN he found he had, he searched the road. He was mystified though, because both he and his missus had been at their window for an hour watching for the mail, and they hadn't seen a vehicle of any sort go by either way.

"If a car did hit the postman where he fell it must have turned and gone back afterwards."

Leo frowned at him. "What about the other witnesses? Did they see any second car?"

"No," said Pussy. "As I see it, it's a proper mystery, a kind of not very nice miracle, and those two beauties are going to get away with murder on the strength of it. Whatever our fellows find on the car they'll never get past the doctor."

Mr Campion got up sadly. The sleet was beating on the windows. He nodded to the Chief Constable.

"I fear we shall have to see that footpath before it gets utterly dark, you know. In this weather conditions may have changed by tomorrow."

Leo sighed. "On Christmas day in the morning!" he quoted bitterly. "Perhaps you're right."

They stopped their dreary journey at the Benham police station to pick up the constable.

They inspected the crossroads and the bend and the spot where the saloon car had come to grief.

BY the time they reached the stile the world was grey and freezing.

Mr Campion negotiated the stile, and the Chief Constable followed him with some difficulty. It was an awkward climb, and the path below was narrow and slippery. It wound out into the mist before them, apparently without end.

The procession slid and scrambled on in silence for what seemed a mile, only to encounter a second stile and a plank bridge over a stream, followed by a brief area of what appeared to be simple bog. As he struggled out of it Pussy pushed back his dripping hat and gazed at the constable.

"You're not having a game, I suppose?" he inquired briefly.

"No sir, no." He pointed to a hump in the near distance.

"Good Heavens!" Leo regarded its desolation with dismay. "Does anybody really live there?"

"Oh yes, sir. An old widow lady. Mrs Fyson's the name."

"Alone?" He was aghast. "How old?"

"I don't rightly know, sir. Quite old. Over seventy-five must be."

Leo stopped in his tracks and a silence fell on the company.

Campion broke the spell.

"Definitely no walk for a dying man," he said firmly. "Doctor's evidence completely convincing, don't you think? Now we're here, perhaps we should drop in and see the householder."

LEO shivered. "We can't all get in," he objected. "Perhaps the Superintendent...."

"No. You and I will go," Campion was obstinate. "Is that all right with you, Super?"

Pussy waved them on. "If you have to dig for us we shall be just about here," he said cheerfully. "I'm over my ankles now. What a place! Does anybody ever come here except the postman, constable?"

Campion took Leo's arm and led him firmly round to the front of the cottage. Leo hung back. His repugnance was as apparent as the cold.

"I hate this," he muttered.

"Go on. Knock if you must."

Mr Campion obeyed. At once the door was opened very wide.

A little old woman stood before him.

"Oh dear," she said unexpectedly, and her voice was friendly, "you are damp. Come in." And then, looking past him at the skulking Leo: "Two of you! Well, isn't that nice? Mind your poor heads.

"You'll have to sit down at once," she said, laughing as she waved them to two little chairs.

"You must undo that," she went on, touching Leo's coat. "Otherwise you may take cold when you go out. It is so very chilly, isn't it. But so seasonable, and that's always nice."

It was not a sordid room, yet the walls were unpapered, the furniture old, without being in anyway antique, and the place could hardly have been called neat. But at the moment it was festive. There was holly over the two pictures, and on the mantel above the stove a crowd of bright Christmas cards.

THEIR hostess sat between them, near the table. It was set for a small tea party.

Leo pulled himself together.

"I must apologise," he began. "This is an imposition on such a day. I...."

"Not at all," she said. "Oh, not at all. Visitors are a great treat. Not everybody braves my footpath in winter."

"But some people do, of course?" ventured Mr Campion fatuously.

"Of course." She shot him her shy smile. "Certainly, every week. They send down from the village every week, and only this morning a young man, the policeman to be exact, came all the way over the fields to wish me the compliments of the season and to know if I'd got my post."

"And you had." Leo glanced at the array of cards with relief. He was a kindly, sentimental family man with a horror of loneliness.

She nodded at the brave collection with deep affection.

"It's lovely to see them all up there again. It's one of the real joys of Christmas, isn't it? Messages from people you love and who love you—and all so pretty, too."

"Did you come down bright and early to meet the postman?"

THE Chief Constable's question was disarmingly innocent, but she looked ashamed and dropped her eyes.

"I wasn't up! Wasn't it dreadful? I was late this morning.

"In fact, I was only just picking the letters off the mat there when the policeman called. He helped me gather them, the nice boy. There were such a lot. I lay lazily in bed this morning, thinking of them instead of moving.

"Still you heard them come," Leo was very satisfied. "And you knew they were there."

(Continued on Page 16)

FOR THE FESTIVE SEASON!!

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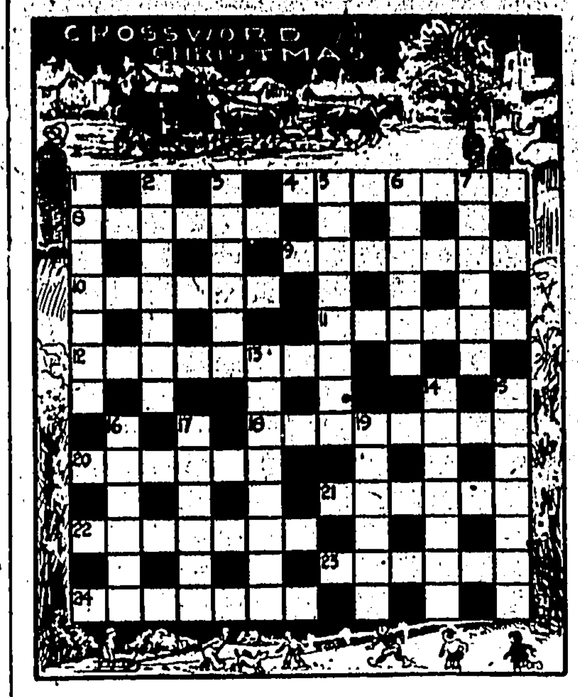
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CLUES ACROSS

4. Tumbler. Full of spirit, no doubt! (7)
8. Table bird from Asia Minor (6)
9. Laid on the floor and often beaten (7)
10. Sage quality of three Eastern men (6)
11. Lip-service under the mistletoe (6)
12. A good seat to have on Boxing Day? (8)
18. Proverbially, he is never wrong (8)
20. It's a kindness (6)
21. 15 down should never be (6)
22. His knock is awaited and played at Christmas-time (7)
23. Enclosed (6)
24. In different places. Like below (6)

CLUES DOWN

1. He waits on a ship (7)
2. Timely gift just now (7)
3. Fruity product of mixed melons (6)
5. They've got a motto. 'Quite mad! (8)
6. Dispute (6)
7. The horn Santa sounds? (6)
13. Bonus for the man at the wicket? (8)
14. Prelude, perhaps, to 11 across (7)
15. You should be hearing from them now (7)
16. Seasonable songs (6)
17. Row familiar to horsemen. Very unsound (6)
19. Christmas decoration. Is lent by arrangement (6)

(Solution on Page 24)

YESTERDAY'S CROSSWORD.—Across: 3 Scab, 7 Haven, 8 Exit, 9 Erin, 10 Reserve, 12 Tint, 15 Reeds, 16 Oven, 19 Ideal, 21 Towel, 22 Aria, 23 Sober, 26 Pose, 29 Renewed, 30 Neat, 31 Rend, 32 Stole, 33 Shed. Down: 1 Caper, 2 Deserve, 4 Cured, 5 Bent, 6 Sign, 9 Even, 11 Reels, 13 Idea, 14 Till, 16 Siren, 17 Stop, 18 Owns, 20 Directs, 22 Abet, 24 Orate, 25 Dealt, 27 Omen, 28 Ends.

NANCY SPAIN takes you on AN ARMCHAIR TRIP TO THE CRAZY WORLD OF FASHION

FOR the last six years I have somehow contrived to get around town, even in the smartest hotels, wearing jeans, shirts, and low-heeled shoes, summer and winter. I do this *(a)* for comfort; *(b)* for economy.

That's why I'm appalled at the way some ladies allow themselves to be told what to wear. And the prices they pay to be in the swim!

Oh, vanity!

AT least two new books, **ALWAYS IN VOGUE** *(Gollancz, 21s.)*, by Edna Woolman Chase, and **SHOCKING LIFE** *(Dent, 21s.)*, by Mme. Schiaparelli, tell the tale of two women who have dictated to the vanity that lies deep in every foolish, feminine heart.

Mrs Chase first. Mrs C. has been associated with a magazine called Vogue for 60 years. She began by getting a temporary job addressing envelopes.

Somewhere along the line Mr Conde Nast from St Louis turned up and bought the paper. He sent Mrs C. a Christmas present—chocolates with a 20-dollar gold piece under each sweet. Then in 1914 he made her editor. . . .

So down the years (through two world wars, remember) with a maze of contributors with terrifying names like Clare Boothe Luce and Dorothy Parker, Mrs C. and her magazine concentrated with passion on the hem-line.

'Shocking pink'

THIS book, although it tells a fascinating story of the rise to power of a Rag-trade paper, is so pretentious in its triviality that it is supremely laughable.

"Why," Mrs C. demands of a veil-maker, whose model veil she alleges is "bad style," "do you advertise in our magazine?"

"Why, because it's a fine magazine," says the trembling veil-maker.

"*I will not show editorially merchandise that I myself do not think is correct*," declaims Mrs C. in tones of thunder.

"*We helped him improve his product*," she says, with maddening complacency. I ask you!

Mme. Schiaparelli may be maddening, but she isn't complacent. Although she has the strange, schizophrenic habit of telling her story as though she is two people ("Schiap did this," and "I did that"), her "Shocking Life" is full of anecdotes against herself.

There was the famous hour-glass figure, shaped like a corset, modelled into a scent bottle. Madame, having dreamed up the bottle, had to find a name for the scent to go in it. A colour flashed in front of her eyes, "A shocking colour, pure and undiluted." So she called her scent "shocking." And she called the colour "shocking pink."

The book is very exciting, very hysterical and (as reading matter) absolute nonsense. Except for the chapters devoted to Gogo: Mme. Schiaparelli's daughter.

In these chapters, written with touching love and tenderness, I learned, at last that behind the legendary scent bottle there is a *real* woman: a woman who can love and suffer as the rest of us do.



Drawing by HOFFNUNG

And I finished her book thinking that in spite of my jeans, I might well like Mme. Schiaparelli very much, indeed.

Poor Carroll!

YES, fashion is a fearful thing.

There is a fashion for books about Lewis Carroll at the moment. More especially books psychoanalysing poor Mr Carroll out of existence. The latest, **LEWIS CARROLL** *(Constable, 21s.)*, by Derek Hudson, makes out that we might have "romantically linked" Lewis Carroll with Ellen Terry. Certainly Carroll took a charming photograph of Miss Terry, aged 16 (it is reproduced).

Mr Hudson has even had Lewis Carroll's handwriting analysed by Dr M.J. Mannheim, who says: "He could not love except in a protective way . . . marriage, except with a very inferior woman, appears improbable."

Goodness knows how people can infer such things from a mere script, but there it is.

ON CHRISTMAS DAY IN THE MORNING

"Oh yes," She sounded content. "I knew they were there. May I offer you a cup of tea? I'm waiting for my party . . . just a woman and her dear greedy little boy: they won't be long. In fact, when I heard your knock, I thought they were here already."

Mr Campion, who had risen to inspect the display on the mantel-shelf more closely, helped her to move the kettle so that it should not boil too soon.

The cards were splendid. There were nearly thirty of them in all, and the envelopes which had contained them were packed in a neat bundle and tucked behind the clock.

The written messages were all warm and personal, all breathing the outspoken joy of the season:

"The very best to you Darling from All at The Limes." "To dear Auntie from Little Phil." "Love and Memories." Edith and Ted." "There is no wish like the old wish. Warm regards, George." "For dearest Mother." "Cheerio. Lots of love. Just off. Writing. Take care of yourself. Sonny." "For dear little Agnes with love from US ALL."

(Continued from Page 15)

Mr Campion stood before them for a long time, but at length he turned away.

Something had happened. It had suddenly become very still in the house. The old lady had lost her smile and there was wariness in her eyes.

"Tell me," Campion spoke very gently. "What do you do? Do you put them all down there on the mat in their envelopes before you go to bed on Christmas Eve?"

While the point of his question and the enormity of it was dawning upon Leo, there was silence. It was breathless and unbearable until old Mrs Fyson pierced it with a laugh of genuine naughtiness.

"Well," she said devastatingly, "it does make it more fun." She glanced back at Leo, whose handsome face was growing steadily more and more scarlet. "Doesn't it?"

"Then . . . ?" He was having difficulty with his voice. "Then the postman did not call this morning, ma'am?"

She stood looking at him placidly. "The postman never calls here except when he brings something from the Government," she said pleasantly. "Everybody gets letters from the Government nowadays, don't they?

"But he doesn't call here with personal letters because you see, I'm the last of us." She paused and frowned very faintly. "There's been so many wars," she said simply.

"But, dear lady!" Leo was completely overcome. "There were tears in his eyes.

She patted his arm.

"My dear man," she said kindly, "don't be distressed. It's not sad now. It's Christmas. We all loved Christmas. They sent me their love at Christmas and you see, I've still got it. At Christmas I remember them and they remember me, I expect, wherever they are."

Her eyes strayed to a card with a coach on it. "I do sometimes wonder about poor George," she remarked seriously. "He was my husband's elder brother, and he really did have quite a shocking life. But he sent me that remarkable card one year, and I kept it with the others.

"After all, we ought to be charitable, oughtn't we? At Christmas."

As the four men plodded back through the fields, Pussy was jubilant.

"That's done the trick," he said. "Cleared up the mystery and made it all plain sailing. We'll get those two crooks for doing in poor old Noakes."

"A real bit of luck Mr Campion was here," he added generously, as he squelched on through the mud. "The old girl was just cheering herself up, and you fell for it, eh, constable?

"Oh, don't worry, my boy. There's no harm done.

"I know how it happened. You didn't want to worry the old thing with the tale of a death on Christmas morning, so you took the sight of the letters as evidence and didn't go into it. As it turned out you were wrong. That's life."

He thrust the young man on ahead of him, and came over to Campion.

"What beats me is how you cottoned to it," he confided. "What gave you the idea?"

"I merely read it, I'm afraid." Mr Campion sounded apologetic. "All the envelopes were there, sticking out from behind the clock. The top one had a ha'penny stamp on it, so I looked at the post mark. It was 1914."

Pussy laughed. "Given to you," he chuckled. "Still I bet you had a job to believe your eyes."

"Ah." Mr Campion's voice was thoughtful in the dusk. "That, Super, is the really difficult bit."

Leo, who has been striding in silence, was the last to climb up on to the road. He glanced absently towards the village for a moment or so and presently touched Campion on the shoulder.

"Look there."

A woman was hurrying towards them, and at her side, servile and exultant, trotted a small, plump policeman's child. Their progress was slow, as they paused to let the little girl keep up. The woman raised her face to the [illegible]

VIGNETTES OF LIFE — The Family Roundup

BY HARRY WEINERT



Your Radio Listening For Next Week In Detail—A "China Mail" Feature

Festival Of Nine Lessons And Carols From King's College Chapel, Cambridge

Throughout the centuries people have expressed their celebrations of festivals with prayers, hymns and music, and around the Nativity of Christ a rich miscellany of songs and carols has been collected.

Several of the programmes from Radio Hongkong this week will reflect the seasonal and traditional celebration of the festival in song and carol.

The Festival of Nine Lessons and Carols, which has been broadcast by the BBC from the Chapel of King's College, Cambridge, every Christmas for nearly 30 years—has this year for the first time been issued as a transcription.

Now listeners in Hongkong may join the congregation gathered for the historic service held annually in this exquisite example of English Perpendicular architecture.

The reading of the nine lessons telling the story of our Redemption alternates with carols sung by the famous King's College Choir. This programme will be on the air at 5.45 p.m. on Christmas Eve.

Another programme of carols can be heard at 9 o'clock on Sunday evening, when Radio Hongkong will relay the annual Community Carol concert from Hongkong University.

The concert is under the auspices of the University Christian Association, and is performed by a mixed choir of students and their friends, conducted by Dr L. T. Ride.

The performance consists of carols sung by the choir interspersed with community singing by choir and audience.

The proceeds of the collection which will be made at this concert will go to the Ebenezer Home for Blind Girls, and the Hongkong School for the Deaf. The performance is under the distinguished patronage of H.E. the Commander British Forces, Lt-General C. Sugden and Mrs Sugden.

NATIVITY PLAY

On Christmas Eve at 9 o'clock, the Hongkong Stage Club will present "The Coventry Nativity Play"—a new radio version of the famous mediaeval pageant of the Company of Shearman and Tailors of Coventry. Pat Egan produces this play for the Stage Club, and the cast includes Cynthia Nixon as Mary, and Rei Oblitas as the Angel Gabriel.

MUSIC

The Sino-British Orchestra, conducted by Arrigo Foa, will broadcast from the Concert Hall of Radio Hongkong on Wednesday evening at 8.45. They will play Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 1 in C major, and the soloist on this occasion will be Mimi Chow, who has established a sound reputation for herself as a pianist in local musical circles.

THEATRE

A tough Californian mining town in the year 1856 is the setting for "How Music Came To Roaring Gap"—a one act Western play adapted by Charles Chilton from a story by Sam Davis—who seems to have disappeared as completely as the mysterious pianist does in his unusual tale.

The story hinges on a piano ordered from San Francisco by the proprietor of the local saloon who thinks that it will add 'class' to his establishment.

Unfortunately, Roaring Gap seems to be minus a piano player, so the instrument—bearing a sign promising twenty dollars to any 'complitent pianer player' — remains silent until Christmas Eve, when an old white-haired man wanders in and is persuaded to play it.

The means he employed to acquire more than the saloon-keeper's gratitude provides a surprise ending to the story of "How Music Came to Roaring Gap".

The music in this programme is played by Stanley Black (piano), Billy Bell (guitar) and Danny Levan (fiddle) while The Four Ramblers sing the songs, and it can be heard at 9.30 on Wednesday evening.

(Broadcasting on a frequency of 860 kilocycles per second and on 9.52 megacycles per second in 31 metre band).

Today

12.30 p.m. PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
12.32 GORDON JENKINS AND HIS ORCHESTRA (WITH VOCAL).
12.45 TEST CRICKET (RELAY A.B.C.). England v Australia. Commentaries on the 2nd day's play in the 2nd Test match at Sydney.
1.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT & SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
1.30 LETTER FROM AMERICA (RECORDED LONDON RELAY). By Alistair Cooke.
1.45 INTERLUDE.
1.50 COMMENTARIES ON THE 2ND DAY'S PLAY IN THE 2ND TEST MATCH (RELAY A.B.C.). England v Australia at Sydney.
[illegible] STUDIO: HOSPITAL REQUESTS. Presented by Paula.
[illegible] COMMENTARIES ON THE 2ND DAY'S PLAY IN THE 2ND TEST MATCH (RELAY A.B.C.). [illegible]
4.00 STUDIO: FORCES' CHOICE. Presented by Norman Golledge.
4.30 "RAPSODIA DE CUBA." Esther Borja (vocal) accompanied by the Orquesta de Camara de Madrid.
Lagrimas Negras; La Comparsa, Zapatao Cubano; El Arroyo que Murmura; Lamento Cubano
4.45 ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL. Kitchee v South China. Commentary from Caroline Hill.
5.15 VICTOR OLOF AND HIS ORCHESTRA.
5.30 THE EUSTACE DIAMONDS. By Anthony Trollope. Produced by Archie Campbell (part 6).
6.00 TIME SIGNAL AND PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
6.03 STUDIO: UNIT REQUESTS. Presented by Linda. Calling: 20th Field Regiment R.A.
6.59 WEATHER REPORT.
7.00 TIME SIGNAL AND WORLD NEWS (LONDON RELAY).
7.10 COMMENTARY (LONDON RELAY) OR SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
7.15 ACCENT ON RHYTHM.
7.30 TEST CRICKET (LONDON RELAY). England v Australia. Report on the 2nd day's play in the 2nd Test match at Sydney.
7.40 FORCES' FAVOURITES (LONDON RELAY).
8.15 FROM THE WEEKLIES (LONDON RELAY).
8.30 EXCERPTS FROM THE BROADWAY PRODUCTION OF "KISMET." Music by Alexander Borodin. Sung by the Original Broadway Cast with chorus and orch. cond. by Louis Adrian.
9.00 TIME SIGNAL. MUSIC BY COMMONWEALTH COMPOSERS. BBC Symphony Orchestra cond. by Sir Adrian Boult.
Overture "Aotearoa" (Douglas Lilburn); Excerpts from "The Christmas Cantata" (Arnold Van Wyk)—vocal; Movement from Symphony No. 2 (C. J. A. Wadia); Two movements from "Coronation Suite" (Healey Willan) Coronation Ode; Coronation Te Deum—vocal; Excerpts from Ballet Suite "Corroboree" (John Antill); March for Chorus and Orchestra "Heritage" (Arthur Benjamin)—vocal; Soloists: Cecilia Wessels (sop.), Margaret Godley (sop), Stanley Riley (bass-baritone) with the BBC Chorus.
10.00 TAKE YOUR PARTNERS.
I've got you under my skin; Farewell, farewell to love—George Siravo and his Orch. Sue Bennett (vocal); My friend the ghost; Make love to me—Tommy Dorsey and his Orchestra, featuring Jimmy Dorsey, Gordon Polk (vocal); The Creep; Flirtation Waltz—Art Mooney and his Orch. The Cloverleafs (vocal); Cuban Rhythm; Paraguma—Victor Silvester and his Silver Strings; It happens to be me—Tommy Dorsey and his Orch. featuring Jimmy Dorsey. Lynn Roberts (vocal); Roll 'em—Harry James and his Orchestra; The Sunrise Samba—Roberto Inglez and his Orchestra; Beautiful Ohio—Glenn Miller and his Orch; Now and forever; If I give my heart to you—Billy Thorburn and his Strict Tempo Music; Tenderly—Artie Shaw and his Gramercy Five; Miami Beach—Xavier Cugat and his Orch. Aladdin and the Boyd Triplets (vocal); In the chapel in the moonlight—The Four Bells (vocal) with Jimmy Carroll and Orch; A Media Luz; Smoke gets in your eye; From the time you say goodbye—Jan Corduwener and his Ballroom Orchestra.
10.59 WEATHER REPORT.
11.00 TIME SIGNAL. RADIO NEWSREEL (RECORDED LONDON RELAY).
11.15 TAKE YOUR PARTNERS. What a little Moonlight can do—Helen Ward (vocal); Night and Day; Crazy Rhythm; You're a heavenly thing—Helen Ward (vocal); Can't you tell?—Benny Goodman and his Orch.
GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.
11.30 CLOSE DOWN.

Sunday

10.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL, PROGRAMME SUMMARY & WEATHER REPORT.
10.02 SPORTS RESULTS.
10.05 MORNING MELODY. Mantovani and his Orchestra
10.30 RELAY OF THE CELEBRATION OF MASS FROM ST JOSEPH'S CHURCH. Preacher: The Rev. Father T. F. Ryan, SJ.
11.20 GINETTE DOYEN (PIANO) SONGS WITHOUT WORDS (MENDELSSOHN).
11.30 MORNING PROM. The Betrothal at the Lantern—Overture (Offenbach)—Jean Martinon conducting the London Philharmonic Orch; Symphonietta on Russian Themes (Rimsky-Korsakov)—Vienna Symphony Orch. cond. by Henry Swoboda.
12.00 VICTOR HERBERT FAVOURITES: RISE STEVENS (MEZZO-SOP.).
12.15 p.m. STUDIO: SPORTS TIME.
12.30 PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
12.32 VARIETY HIGHLIGHTS. On the Waterfront — Malcolm Lockyer and his Orch; The High and the Mighty—Tony Mansell (vocal); Athens—Malcolm Lockyer and his Orch; Hold my hand—Tony Mansell (vocal); In the chapel in the moonlight; Hey There—Lynn Marshall (vocal); I love Paris; I still believe—Ronnie Harris (vocal); Skokiaan; They were doin' the Mambo—Eric Jupp and his Orchestra (with "The Coronets").
1.00 TIME SIGNAL. "BLACK AND WHITE MAGIC." Winifred Atwell and her pianos.
1.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT & SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
1.30 LONDON STUDIO CONCERT—(CHRISTMAS PROGRAMME). New Symphony Orchestra conducted by Denis Wright.
FORCES' PROGRAMMES.
2.00 STUDIO: HOSPITAL REQUESTS. Presented by Helen.
3.00 TAKE IT FROM HERE. Dick Bentley and Jimmy Edwards with Wallas Eaton, Alma Cogan, June Whitfield.
3.30 STUDIO: HOME REQUESTS. Presented by Helen.
4.30 KEN COLYER'S JAZZMEN. Goin' home; Isle of Capri; Harlem Rag; La Harpe Street Blues; Too busy.
4.45 ASSOCIATION FOODALL. Kowloon Motor Bus v Army. Commentary from Caroline Hill.
5.15 LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI CONDUCTS, PERCY GRAINGER (PIANO) AND HIS SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA. Mock Morris (Grainger); Early one morning (Grainger); Handel in the Strand (Grainger); Irish Tune from County Derry (Grainger).
5.30 DEAD SILENCE. Adapted by Elleston Trevor from the story by Simon Rattray. Episode 5—"Voice of a Stranger."
6.00 TIME SIGNAL AND PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
6.03 MUSIC OF THE PEOPLE. The BBC Midland Light Orchestra. Conducted by Gilbert Vinter.
6.30 SERVICES EVENSONG (CONCERT HALL). Conducted by the Rev. C. J. Stubbs - Bromley, C. F. D. A. C. G. and the Forces' Choir cond. by Warrant Officer J. R. Ayles.
6.59 WEATHER REPORT.
7.00 TIME SIGNAL AND WORLD NEWS (LONDON RELAY).
7.10 COMMENTARY (LONDON RELAY) OR SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
7.15 SONGS FROM OPERA. Arias from "Pagliacci" and "Cavalleria Rusticana." No, Pagliaccio non son and Final Scene (from "Pagliacci") (Leoncavallo)—Mario Del Monaco (tenor) with Clara Petrella (sop.) and chorus and orchestra of the Accademia Di Santa Cecilia, Rome cond. by Alberto Erede; Brindisi; Farewell to mother (from "Cavalleria Rusticana" (Mascagni)—Mario Del Monaco (ten.) with Annamaria Anelli (contr.) with chorus and orch. cond. by Franco Ghione.
7.30 "THE GOOD COMPANIONS" Based on the novel by J.B. Priestley, produced by Harry Alan Towers. Episode 18.
8.00 GRAND HOTEL. A half hour of music played by Tom Jenkins and the Palm Court Orchestra.
8.30 THE MILL ON THE FLOSS. By George Eliot, produced by Wilfrid Grantham. Part II: "On the River."
9.00 TIME SIGNAL. ANNUAL COMMUNITY CAROL CONCERT. From the University of Hongkong.
10.20 APPOINTMENTS WITH MUSIC. Suite Pastorale (Chabrier)—Edouard Lindenberg conducting L'Orchestre de la Societe des Concerts du Conservatoire de Paris.
10.45 "FROM HEAVENLY HARMONY." Gregorian Chants: Graduals: Christus Factus Est (Maundy-Thurs.) Qui Sedes (3rd Sun. of Advent) Dirigatur Oratio Mea (19th Sun. after Pentecost) Communicus: Memento Verbi Tui (20th Sun. after Pentecost); Quinque Prudentes Virgines (from Mass for a Virgin Not a Martyr); Pascha Nostrum (Easter Sun.); Offertories: Ad Te Domine (1st Sun. of Advent); Meditabor (2nd Sun. of Advent); Meditabor (2nd Sun of Lent); Custodi Me (Tues. in Holy Week)—Monks' Choir of Saint-Pierre de Solesmes Abbey cond. by Dom. J. Gajard, S.O.B.
10.59 WEATHER REPORT.
11.00 TIME SIGNAL. RADIO NEWSREEL (RECORDED LONDON RELAY).
11.15 EPILOGUE (RECORDED). Conducted by the Rev. Father G. Casey, SJ.
GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.
11.30 CLOSE DOWN.

Monday

7.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL AND OPENING MARCH.
7.02 LIGHT MUSIC.
7.15 NEWS SUMMARY.
7.20 TOP O' THE MORN.
8.00 TIME SIGNAL, NEWS, WEATHER REPORT & SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
8.10 MUSIC IN THE AIR.
9.00 CLOSE DOWN.
12.30 p.m. PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
12.32 BING CROSBY AND CONNEE BOSWELL.
12.45 TEST CRICKET (RELAY A.B.C.). England v Australia (1954-55 series). Commentaries on the 3rd day's play in the 2nd Test match at Sydney.
1.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT & SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
1.30 MUSIC FOR YOU.
1.50 COMMENTARIES ON 3RD DAY'S PLAY IN THE 2ND TEST MATCH (RELAY A.B.C.). England v Australia at Sydney.
2.00 CLOSE DOWN.
6.00 TIME SIGNAL AND PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
6.03 STUDIO: CHILDREN'S HALF HOUR. Presented by Joan and Valerie.
6.30 COUNTRY DANCING. "Cumbrian Barn Dance," Alf Adamson and the Border Square Dance Band.
6.59 WEATHER REPORT.
7.00 TIME SIGNAL AND WORLD NEWS (LONDON RELAY).
7.10 COMMENTARY (LONDON RELAY) OR SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
7.15 "BOX 700" BERT GILLETT AT THE ORGAN.
7.30 TEST CRICKET (LONDON RELAY). England v Australia. Report on the 3rd day's play in the 2nd Test match at Sydney.
7.40 MUSIC AND SONG OF JOHANN STRAUSS. Nuns' Chorus (from "Casanova")—Anni Frind (soprano) with chorus; A Night in Venice—Excerpts—Friedrich Eugen Engels (tenor) with Chorus & Orch. of the German Opera House cond. by Johannes Schuler; Voices of Spring—Waltz—Vienna Symphony Orch. cond. by Rudolf Moralt.
8.00 EDUCATING ARCHIE. With Peter Brough and Archie Andrews.
8.30 CONCERTO. Concerto No. 1 for Piano and Orchestra in A minor, Op. 15 (Edward MacDowell)—Vivian Rivkin (piano) with Orchestra of the Vienna State Opera cond. by Dean Dixon.
9.00 TIME SIGNAL. THE ASIAN CLUB (RECORDED LONDON RELAY). "The Human Body," Speaker: Professor P. B. Medawar.
9.30 STUDIO: "OFF THE BEATEN TRACK." Presented by Timothy Birch.
10.00 UPTOWN RHYTHM.
10.15 TAKE IT FROM HERE. Dick Bentley and Jimmy Edwards, with Wallas Eaton, June Whitfield. Repeat of last Thursday's Broadcast.
10.43 INTERNATIONAL CABARET. Portuguese: Esta Noite Serenou—Dalva de Oliveira (vocal); Italian: Canzone A Posillipo—Willy Alberti (tenor) with Jan Corduwener and his Orch; Spanish: La Paloma—Rosita Serrano (vocal); French: Actualites—Yves Montand (vocal); Yugoslav: Yugoslav Rhapsody—played by the Members of the National Yugoslav Dance Theatre.
10.59 WEATHER REPORT.
11.00 TIME SIGNAL. RADIO NEWSREEL (RECORDED LONDON RELAY).
11.15 GOODNIGHT MUSIC. Concerto No. 7 in A minor, F. VIII (Vivaldi)—Gerard Faisandier (Bassoon) with Association des Concerts de Chambre de Paris cond. by Andre Jouve.
GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.
11.30 CLOSE DOWN.

Tuesday

7.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL AND OPENING MARCH.
7.02 LIGHT MUSIC.
7.15 NEWS SUMMARY.
7.20 TOP O' THE MORN.
8.00 TIME SIGNAL, NEWS, WEATHER REPORT & SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
8.10 MUSIC IN THE AIR.
9.00 CLOSE DOWN.
12.15 p.m. STUDIO: MORNING PRAYERS. By the Rev. J. E. Sandbach.
12.30 PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
12.32 MITCH MILLER AND HIS ORCHESTRA.
12.45 TEST CRICKET (RELAY A.B.C.). England v Australia (1954-55 series). Commentaries on the 4th day's play in the 2nd Test match at Sydney.
1.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT & SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
1.30 LUNCHTIME CONCERT.
1.50 COMMENTARIES ON THE 4TH DAY'S PLAY IN THE 2ND TEST MATCH. England v Australia at Sydney.
2.00 CLOSE DOWN.
6.00 TIME SIGNAL AND PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
6.03 MARCHES AROUND THE WORLD — VANGUARD MILITARY BAND. Spain: Toros March; United States: Stars and Stripes Forever; England: Soldiers in the Park; France: Le pere la Victoria; Austria: Musik voran; Czechoslovakia: Castaldo March; Germany: Zum Stadtel hinaus; Hungary: Lyucky-Lyuck; Italy: Gioconditas; Austria: Radetzky March—Hans Ahninger (cond.).
6.30 STUDIO: "FIRST HEARING." Presented by Hugh Sullivan.
6.59 WEATHER REPORT.
7.00 TIME SIGNAL AND WORLD NEWS (LONDON RELAY).
7.10 COMMENTARY (LONDON RELAY) OR SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
7.15 INTERLUDE FOR MUSIC. With Frank Baron and his Sextet.
7.30 TEST CRICKET (LONDON RELAY). England v Australia. Report on the 4th day's play in the 2nd Test match at Sydney.
7.40 FORCES' FAVOURITES (LONDON RELAY)
8.00 STUDIO: LA DEMI-HEURE FRANCAISE.
8.30 "RAMBLING ROSE." A serial story in eight episodes by John Jowett. Episode 8 (Final). Cast: Donald Ransome, Neville Evans; Rose Blaker, Faith Butler; Philip Peerce, Stan Lloyd; Ida Lampley, Dorothy Revie; Mrs Chump, Dorothy Scales; Mr Blaker, John Little; Chief Inspector Talliver, Reginald Glanvil; Sergeant Common, Alec Barrie; Constable Shorthouse, Alec Barrie; Warden Longbottom, Reginald Glanvil; produced by Patrick Butler for the Garrison Players.
9.00 TIME SIGNAL. MUSIC OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. Matthias The Painter—Angelic Concert (Paul Hindemith)—Paul Hindemith conducting the Berlin Philharmonic Orch; Quartet (3rd Movement from "Kammermusik No. 1, Op. 24 No. 1") (Hindemith)—The Little Orchestra Society conducted by Thomas Scherman.
9.30 "SMOKING." A feature about its charms and its dangers, written by Richard Gordon. Produced by Nesta Pain.
10.00 MARIO LANZA SINGS FAVOURITES FROM MUSICAL PLAYS. Serenade; Golden Days (from "The Student Prince") (Romberg); Yours is my heart alone (from "Land of Smiles") (Lehar); I'll see you again (from "Bittersweet") (Noel Coward); If I loved you (from "Carousel") (Rodgers).
10.15 AT THE BALLET. "Petrouchka" (Stravinsky). Ernest Ansermet conducting L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande.
10.59 WEATHER REPORT.
11.00 TIME SIGNAL. RADIO NEWSREEL (RECORDED LONDON RELAY).
11.15 GOODNIGHT MUSIC. Adagio (from Toccata in C major) (Bach)—Myra Hess (piano); Prelude No. 8 in E flat minor ("The well-tempered Clavier") (Bach); Prelude and Fugue No. 3 in C sharp major ("The well-tempered Clavier") (Bach); — Rosalyn Tureck (piano); Prelude No. 4 in D major (from "Six Little Preludes" (Bach)—Myra Hess (piano).
GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.
11.30 CLOSE DOWN.

Wednesday

7.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL AND OPENING MARCH.
7.02 LIGHT MUSIC.
7.15 NEWS SUMMARY.
7.20 TOP O' THE MORN.
8.00 TIME SIGNAL, NEWS, WEATHER REPORT & SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
8.10 MUSIC IN THE AIR.
9.00 CLOSE DOWN.
12.30 p.m. PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
12.32 MUSIC FROM THE FILMS.
12.45 TEST CRICKET (RELAY A.B.C.). England v Australia. Commentaries on the 5th day's play in the 2nd Test match at Sydney.
1.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT & SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
1.30 AFTERNOON CONCERT.
1.50 COMMENTARIES ON THE 5TH DAY'S PLAY IN THE 2ND TEST MATCH (RELAY A.B.C.). England v Australia at Sydney.
2.00 CLOSE DOWN.
6.00 TIME SIGNAL AND PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
6.03 STUDIO: LUCKY DIP—VARIETY REQUESTS. Presented by Margherita.
6.59 WEATHER REPORT.
7.00 TIME SIGNAL AND WORLD NEWS (LONDON RELAY).
7.10 COMMENTARY (LONDON RELAY) OR SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
7.15 "FLEET FINGERS" (CONCERT HALL). Geoffrey Thornley at the piano.
7.30 TEST CRICKET (LONDON RELAY). England v Australia. Report on the 5th day's play in the 2nd Test match at Sydney.
7.40 "TWENTY QUESTIONS" From the Concert Hall of Radio Hongkong. Question Master: Patrick Butler. The team: Faith Butler, Dorothy Scales, Paddy Sheehan, Stan Lloyd.
8.10 AROUND THE WORLD IN MUSIC—RUSSIA. The Recruit's Farewell; The Innocent Siberian Exile; Dubinushka; Kalinka (The Mulberry); Night; The Troika Coachman's Love Song (Russian Folk Songs)—Alexander Kipnis (bass) with Balalaika Orch. cond. by Gleb Yellin.
8.30 "HOLLAND TO ME." The fifth in a series of six programmes of personal impressions by Larry Henderson. No. 5—"Culture in Holland."
8.45 CONCERT BY THE SINO-BRITISH ORCHESTRA (RECORDED). Conducted by Arrigo Foa with Mimi Chow (piano). Concerto No. 1 in C major, Op. 15 (Beethoven).
9.30 WEDNESDAY THEATRE. "How Music Came to Roaring Gap." A play by Charles Chilton based on a story by Sam Davis.
10.00 STRAUSS SOIREE. Vienna State Opera Orchestra. Persian March; Tales from the Vienna Woods; Hunting Polka—"Auf der Jagd"; Village Swallows Waltz; Entrance March from Die Zigeunerbaron; Dot on the i Polka—"I Tipferl" — Cond. by Anton Paulik.
10.30 ONE NIGHT STAND. GLENN MILLER AND HIS ORCHESTRA (WITH VOCAL). The Nearness of you; April played the fiddle; Long Tall Mama; Moonlight becomes you; Rainbow Rhapsody; Vagabond Dreams; The Story of a starry night; Faithful to you; Take the "A" Train.
10.59 WEATHER REPORT.
11.00 TIME SIGNAL. RADIO NEWSREEL (RECORDED LONDON RELAY).
11.15 GOODNIGHT MUSIC. Sonata No. 1 in G minor, Op. 1 No. 2 for Recorder & Continuo (Handel); Sonata No. 4 in F major, Op. 1 No. 11 for Recorder & Continuo (Handel)—Alfred Mann (Recorder), Helmut Reimann ('cello), Helma Elsner (Harpsichord).
GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.
11.30 CLOSE DOWN.

Thursday

7.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL AND OPENING MARCH.
7.02 LIGHT MUSIC.
7.15 NEWS SUMMARY.
7.20 TOP O' THE MORN.
8.00 TIME SIGNAL, NEWS, WEATHER REPORT & SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
8.10 MUSIC IN THE AIR.
9.00 CLOSE DOWN.
12.30 p.m. PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
12.32 NOTHING BUT MUSIC. The Melachrino Orchestra.
12.45 TEST CRICKET RELAY A.B.C.). England v Australia (1954-55 series). Commentaries on the 6th day's play in the 2nd Test match at Sydney.
1.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT & SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
1.30 JOSE ITURBI CONDUCTING THE VALENCIA SYMPHONY ORCH.
1.50 COMMENTARIES ON THE 6TH DAY'S PLAY IN THE 2ND TEST MATCH (RELAY A.B.C.). England v Australia at Sydney.
2.00 CLOSE DOWN.
6.00 TIME SIGNAL AND PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
6.03 STUDIO: JAZZ HALF HOUR. Presented by Robin Day.
6.30 CAROL SERVICE FROM THE STEPS OF GOVERNMENT HOUSE (RELAY). By the Cathedral Choir.
6.59 WEATHER REPORT.
7.00 TIME SIGNAL AND WORLD NEWS (LONDON RELAY).
7.10 COMMENTARY (LONDON RELAY) OR SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
7.15 YVONNE ARNAUD (PIANO) WITH STRING ORCHESTRA. Conducted by Sir John Barbirolli. Rondo Al Ungarese (Haydn); Valse Caprice (Saint-Saens); La Fileuse (Raff); Allegro in F minor (Bach).
7.30 TEST CRICKET (LONDON RELAY). England v Australia. Report on the 6th day's play in the 2nd Test match at Sydney.
7.40 "SWEET AND LOW." Carry me back to green pastures—The Kentucky Minstrels; The last rose of summer—Wally Stott and his Orch. Max Jaffa (violin); Ma Curly Headed Baby—Felicia Sanders (vocal) with Paul Weston and his Orch; Romance—Max Jaffa (violin) with Wally Stott and his Orch; The moon is your pillow—Danny Kaye (vocal); Until—New Concert String Ensemble.
8.00 STUDIO: MUSICAL NOTEBOOK. Presented by the Rev. Father T. F. Ryan, SJ.
8.30 TAKE IT FROM HERE—(CHRISTMAS EDITION). Dick Bentley and Jimmy Edwards with Wallas Eaton, Alma Cogan, June Whitfield.
9.00 STUDIO: TIME SIGNAL. SPORTS REVIEW.
9.15 AT THE OPERA. "The Land of Smiles" (Franz Lehar). Lisa (Soprano), Elisabeth Schwarzkopf; Gustav (Baritone), Erich Kunz; Sou-chong (Tenor), Nicolai Gedda; Mi (Soprano), Emmy Loose; Tschang (Baritone), Otakar Kraus; Fu-li (Speaking role), Felix Kent; Diener (Speaking role), Andre Mattoni with the Philharmonia Orchestra and Chorus cond. by Otto Ackermann.
10.45 DANISH STATE RADIO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA. Norwegian Artists' Carnival, Op. 16 (Svendsen) Festival Polonaise, Op. 12 (Svendsen)—Erik Tuxen (cond.).
10.59 WEATHER REPORT.
11.00 TIME SIGNAL. RADIO NEWSREEL (RECORDED LONDON RELAY).
11.15 GOODNIGHT MUSIC. Christmas Music: Joy to the world (arr. Milner); Silent night, Holy night (arr. Mantovani); Nazareth (arr. Milner); O Little Town of Bethlehem (arr. Milner); Adeste Fideles (arr. Mantovani)—Mantovani and his Orch.
GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.
11.30 CLOSE DOWN.

Friday

7.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL AND OPENING MARCH.
7.02 LIGHT MUSIC.
7.15 NEWS SUMMARY.
7.20 TOP O' THE MORN.
8.00 TIME SIGNAL, NEWS, WEATHER REPORT & SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
8.10 MUSIC IN THE AIR.
9.00 CLOSE DOWN.
12.15 p.m. STUDIO: ROMAN CATHOLIC PRAYERS. By the Rev. Father R. W. Gallagher, S.J.
12.30 PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
12.32 JOURNEY INTO MELODY. With Paul Weston and His Orchestra.
1.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT & SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
1.30 MUSIC OF THE MASTERS.
2.00 CLOSE DOWN.
5.45 PROGRAMME SUMMARY. FESTIVAL OF NINE LESSONS AND CAROLS. From King's College Chapel, Cambridge.
6.59 WEATHER REPORT.
7.00 TIME SIGNAL AND WORLD NEWS (LONDON RELAY).
7.10 MUSIQUIZ OF FAMOUS THEMES. Overtures; Symphonies; Concertos; Descriptive Pieces.
7.45 "VIEWPOINT." A weekly magazine devoted to the Arts. Edited and introduced by Janet Tomblin. Books: Reviewed by Conrad Watson. Filmspot: Helen Oswell. Readings of Christmas Poetry.
8.15 SHORT STORY (RECORDED). "Stories of Monsieur Hurel" by Antonia Ridge. Read by Mary Richardson.
8.30 BEBE DANIELS AND BEN LYON IN "LIFE WITH THE LYONS" (CHRISTMAS EVE EDITION). Episode 1—'Twas the Night Before.
9.00 TIME SIGNAL. "THE COVENTRY NATIVITY PLAY" (RECORDED). Produced by Pat Egan for the Hongkong Stage Club. Cast: Angel Gabriel, Rei Oblitas; Mary, Cynthia Nixon; Joseph, Alan Huggins; Seeker, 2nd Shepherd, John Wallace; 1st Shepherd, Hugh Sullivan; 3rd Shepherd, Michael Bailey; Sir Gasper, Noel Rankin; Sir Balthasar, T. Newman; Sir Melchor, Khio Luke.
9.30 MUSIC LOVERS' HOUR—CLASSICAL REQUESTS (RECORDED). Presented by Aileen Dekker. The Swan by Saint-Saens; Tchaikovsky's "1812 Overture, Op. 49; Beethoven's Symphony, No. 6 in F Major, Op. 68 (The "Pastoral" Symphony).
10.30 BOULEVARD CAFE "LE MAL DE PARIS." Le Mal de Paris—Claire Leclerc (vocal); A Saint-Germain-des-Pres—Leo Ferre (piano and vocal); Cloches de Notre-Dame — Michele Arnaud (vocal); Chanson Pour Noel — Charles Trenet (vocal); Paris Canaille—Eric Amado (vocal); Rose-Blanche—Germaine Montero (vocal); Rue de Lappe—Mouloudji (vocal); Belleville-Menilmontant — Germaine Montero (vocal); De place en place—Michele Arnaud (vocal); Ballade de Paris—Eric Amado (vocal).
10.59 WEATHER REPORT.
11.00 TIME SIGNAL. RADIO NEWSREEL (RECORDED LONDON RELAY).
11.15 THE WESTMINSTER LIGHT ORCHESTRA. Plays Old English Folk Songs. Hares on the Mountain (Folksong from Somerset); Lord Rendal (Folksong Somerset); Green Broom (Folksong from Somerset); Drink To Me Only (Old English); When Dull Care (Old English); Oyster Girl (Old English)—Leslie Bridgewater (cond.).
11.30 CAROL SERVICE FROM THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL (OB).
12.00 MIDNIGHT MASS (OB). From the Roman Catholic Cathedral. Commentator: The Rev. Father Cyril Barrett, S.J.
GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.
1.00 a.m. CLOSE DOWN.

BBC Overseas Shortwave Programmes

(6.30 p.m. to 12.15 a.m. on 15.070 Mc/s, 19.91m and on 17.715 Mc/s, 16.93m)

SATURDAY, DEC. 18
6.30 p.m. Tony Hancock in 'HANCOCK'S HALF-HOUR.'
7.00 THE NEWS.
7.10 COMMENTARY.
7.15 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
7.30 Cricket. AUSTRALIA v ENGLAND. A report on the second day's play in the Second Test Match at Sydney.
7.40 FORCES' FAVOURITES.
8.15 FROM THE WEEKLIES.
8.30 SCOTTISH MAGAZINE.
9.00 THE NEWS.
9.10 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
9.15 LISTENERS' CHOICE. Light music.
10.00 Big Ben. RADIO NEWSREEL.
11.00 ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL. A commentary on the second half of a Scottish League Division 'A' match.

SUNDAY, DEC. 19
6.30 p.m. CAROL SERVICE. From Hinde Street Methodist Church, London. Conducted by the Minister, the Rev. B. Arthur Shaw.
7.00 THE NEWS.
7.10 COMMENTARY.
7.15 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
7.30 ENGLISH MAGAZINE.
8.00 SHOW BAND SHOW.
9.00 THE NEWS.
9.10 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
9.15 FOR CHILDREN 'Tales of Little Grey Rabbit.' By Alison Uttley.
10.00 Big Ben. RADIO NEWSREEL.
10.15 CONCERTO. Concerto for cello and orchestra in B minor by Dvorak played by James Whitehead.
11.15 'HANCOCK'S HALF-HOUR.'
11.45 BOOKS TO READ.

MONDAY, DEC. 20
6.30 p.m. 'A LIFE OF BLISS.'
7.00 THE NEWS.
7.10 COMMENTARY.
7.15 SPORTS REVIEW.
7.30 Cricket. AUSTRALIA v ENGLAND. A report on the third day's play in the Second Test Match at Sydney.
7.40 MUSIC FOR DANCING.
8.25 GRAND HOTEL.
9.00 THE NEWS.
9.10 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
9.15 NEW RECORDS.
10.00 Big Ben. RADIO NEWSREEL.
10.15 IN TOWN TONIGHT.
10.45 From the Third Programme 'EDWARDIAN MUSIC HALL.' An illustrated talk by H. S. Goodhart-Rendel.
11.15 LISTENERS' CHOICE.
11.45 CHINA SURVEY. 'Final Reckoning.' The Rev. R. Elliott Kendall, a former missionary in China, considers the cost in human terms of Communist achievement.
12.00 THE NEWS.

TUESDAY, DEC. 21
6.30 p.m. COMMONWEALTH CLUB.
7.00 THE NEWS.
7.10 COMMENTARY.
7.15 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
7.30 Cricket. AUSTRALIA v ENGLAND. A report on the fourth day's play in the Second Test Match at Sydney.
7.40 FORCES' FAVOURITES.
8.00 'ON STAGE, LONDON.'
8.45 ULSTER MAGAZINE.
9.00 THE NEWS.
9.10 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
9.15 THE WAY TO HEAVEN'S DOOR.
9.30 ROBERT DONAT reads poetry chosen by himself for Christmas.
10.00 Big Ben. RADIO NEWSREEL.
10.15 BBC SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.
11.15 'WHAT DO YOU KNOW?'
11.45 REPORT FROM BRITAIN. Wynford Vaughan Thomas describes some of his Christmas Days in many different parts of the world.

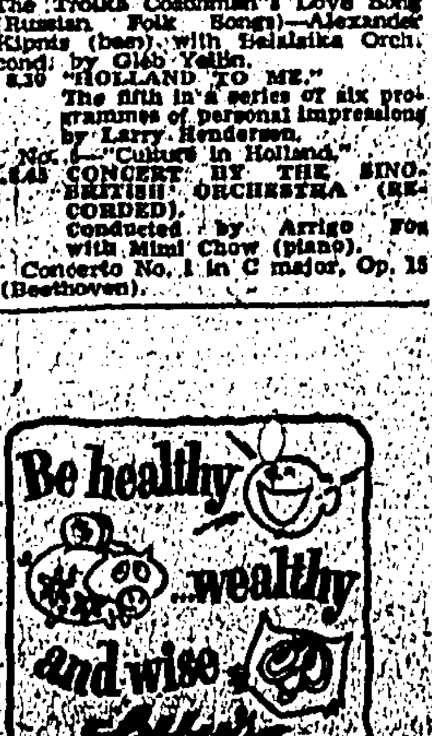
WEDNESDAY, DEC. 22
6.30 p.m. DANCE MUSIC.
7.00 THE NEWS.
7.10 COMMENTARY.
7.15 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
7.30 Cricket. AUSTRALIA v ENGLAND. A report on the fifth day's play in the Second Test Match at Sydney.
7.40 BBC MIDLAND LIGHT ORCHESTRA.
8.30 SANDY MACPHERSON. At the theatre organ.
8.45 WORK AND WORSHIP.
9.00 THE NEWS.
9.10 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
9.15 BBC SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.
10.00 Big Ben. RADIO NEWSREEL.
10.15 'HOW DO YOU DO?' Christmas Edition.
10.45 'THE COVENTRY PLAY OF THE NATIVITY.' A new radio version of the famous mediaeval pageant of the Company of Shearmen and Tailors of Coventry produced by Peter Dewes.
11.45 MUSIC MAGAZINE.

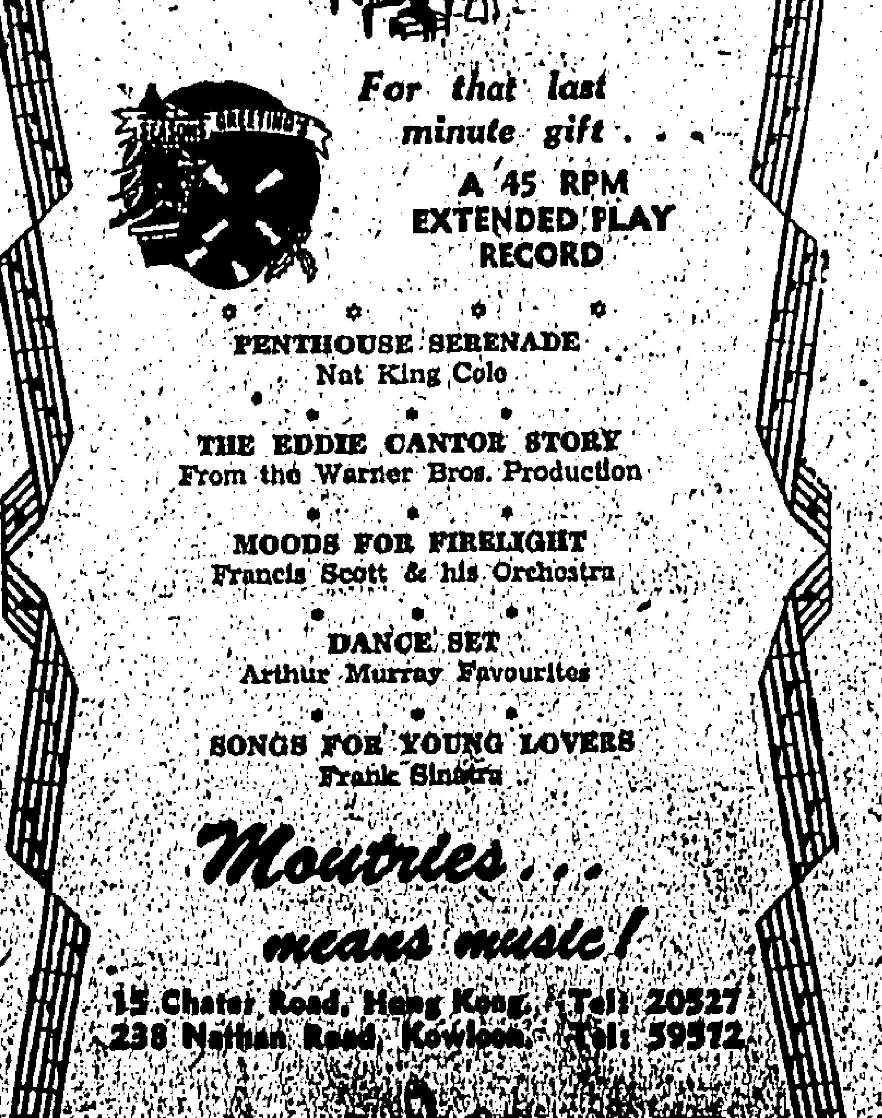
THURSDAY, DEC. 23
6.30 p.m. PAVILION PLAYERS.
6.45 'WHAT'S THE FORM?'
7.00 THE NEWS.
7.10 COMMENTARY.
7.15 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
7.30 Cricket. AUSTRALIA v ENGLAND. A report on the sixth and last day's play in the Second Test Match at Sydney.
7.40 Frequency Announcements and Wavelength Changes.
7.45 VARIETY AHOY!
8.15 WELSH MAGAZINE.
9.00 THE NEWS.
9.10 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
9.15 'WINTER IN THE SUN.' Impressions gathered during a visit to the Islands of the Bahamas in the winter of 1954. Written and introduced by Stella Hillier.
10.00 Big Ben. RADIO NEWSREEL.
10.15 SERIOUS ARGUMENT.
10.45 Music from Handel's 'MESSIAH.'
11.45 IAN STEWART. At the piano.

FRIDAY, DEC. 24
6.30 p.m. MUSIC WHILE YOU WORK.
7.00 THE NEWS.
7.10 Frequency Announcements and Wavelength Changes.
7.15 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
7.30 THE FORCES' SHOW.
8.30 THE BILLY MAYERL RHYTHM ENSEMBLE.
8.45 LETTER FROM AMERICA. By Alistair Cooke.
9.00 THE NEWS.
9.10 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
9.15 MARCHING AND WALTZING.
10.00 Big Ben. RADIO NEWSREEL.
10.15 'SCRAPBOOK FOR 1904' 'The Edwardian Springtime.'
11.15 MOISEIWITSCH (Piano).
11.45 CHRISTMAS MESSAGE. By the Archbishop of Canterbury.

FERD'NAND By Mik





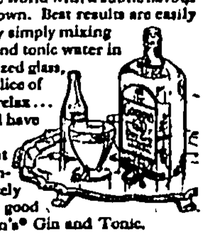




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SATURDAY SOCCER SPOT

Is There A Potential Market For Floodlit Football In Hongkong?

Asks I. M. MacTAVISH

The two main topics in local soccer circles during the week have been floodlights and representative teams. During the South China-Army game on Wednesday a well-known football personality said casually to me, "I wonder what the future of floodlight football in Hongkong will be?"

His remark was more of a mental speculation than a question requiring an answer, but it is, nevertheless, a matter which is engaging the attention of many people at the present moment.

South China's ambitious installation is now a reality and the Hongkong Football Club's pylon system will be ready for use in the very near future. On top of all that it was announced by the Hon. Kwok Chan, at the dinner that followed the game at Caroline Hill on Wednesday, that the new Government Stadium would also be equipped with lights.

Enterprise is enterprise and should never be discouraged, but very soon we shall see three great stadia within a stone's throw of each other all equipped with floodlights. These systems are expensive to install, run, and maintain and many sagacious folks are asking if we have gone too far ... not that the lights are unwelcome, nothing could be further from the truth, but rather they wonder if there is the potential market to reward adequately the enterprise of the two private clubs and the government.

The danger, of course, is that players will be physically exploited to provide the attractions that will pull in the dollar-paying crowds and it would be timely now to give this point fullest consideration.

The alternative, of course, is to play a certain number of our competitive matches under the lights. This may be the most logical and lucrative exploitation, and after the display by the South China and Army players there is no doubt at all that, with minor adjustments, the lights at Caroline Hill are adequate for the best type of football, competitive or otherwise.

The other systems will have to be judged on their merits when the installations are complete, but it should be remembered that once the novelty of floodlighting wears off we shall have to get back to the fundamental requirements of good football to pull in the crowds, and, if it can be produced without prejudice under the lights, then the HKFA will no doubt give fair consideration to competitive soccer being staged in these conditions.

CAN ONLY BENEFIT

I have read and listened with interest to the various controversies that have arisen regarding the plan for the training of Colony representative players.

There have been arguments and counter arguments about the value and advisability of calling in a large number of players to prepare for the next series against the Grasshoppers.

The contra-argument is apparently based on the fact that for better or for worse, many of the players have little or no chance of being selected for the games, and therefore it is a waste of their time to incorporate them into this training plan.

I believe that this argument is as illogical as it is ill-founded and I believe too that the players selected for training can gain only benefit from their participation in it.

An architect does not train his apprentice overnight so that he will be able to build a great new edifice tomorrow. He trains him gradually to replace the skilled men who are already doing the job....and he trains him in such a way that when the time comes for him to take his allotted place there is no hitch in the organisation.

So it must be with young footballers. It is much better to give these lads the opportunity to see how the stars of the moment are prepared for big games, and to let them sit in and hear the tactical plans of the teams discussed.

As long as the youngster is assured that his day will come—and it must—he will not be dispirited or broken-hearted just because his name does not appear in the next line-up selected by the Interport Committee.

TACTFUL APPROACH

In Tom Sneddon the Association has a coach who is respected by the players for his tactful approach to his job. The youngster who comes under his influence now will be better able to fit efficiently into the Colony teams of the near future . . . but in the meantime he will also be learning the job of being a better footballer and that can only result in benefit to his club, to himself, and finally to the faithful spectators who roll up to see him in action.

Time can no more be 'Canuted' than water, and already one or two of the present Colony stars have managed to stay in the limelight a little longer than some folks feel they should.

Years, however, are remorseless visitors. Others will soon have to replace the current favourites and I applaud the foresight of the Interport Committee which will ensure that when the time for replacement comes along there will be no feeling of strangeness among the newcomers . . . in other words they will feel that they are getting promotion within an organisation of which they are already trained members.

WEEK-END GAMES

There is a short and sweet programme of games this week and Caroline Hill is certain to house big crowds today and tomorrow. The full programme is as follows:—

Today

Kitchee vs. South China at Caroline Hill, 4 p.m.

Tomorrow

KMB vs. Army at Caroline Hill, 4 p.m.

Club vs. RAF at Club Stadium, 4 p.m.

Police vs. CAA at Causeway Bay, 3.45 p.m. (Senior Shield First Round Replay).

The result of the South China-Army game on Wednesday night has given a new interest to this week-end's two big games as both sides will be in action against powerful opponents.

The crowds will roll along to see the all-Chinese battle this afternoon between Kitchee and South China and a tense struggle is certain to give them plenty to shout about.

Kitchee and Army are teams with very different styles and methods and I think that South China will feel happier against the less tenacious tackling of the Kitchee defence than they were against the soldiers.

This does not mean that I think they will have an easy victory....in fact I consider that they are on very dangerous ground and they will only get the points if Ho Cheung-yau and Yiu Cheuk-yin can shake off the attentions of Chan Fai-hung and Kwok Shek.

A difficult game to forecast, but I have a strange feeling that Kitchee are maybe in the more favourable position to sustain their progress.

NOT IN TOP FORM

KMB last season won the Championship because they kept on collecting points when they were playing badly, and in some measure they have done the same again this season.

In recent displays they have not shown real Championship form and they will find that the present Army side is capable of turning on a brand of brilliant football that could take the precious points into military custody.

Both sides play a fast open game and, whatever the outcome, spectators are certain of an entertaining match between two sides who have earned reputations for good healthy competition.

RAF are now playing better than at any time this season and Club will find them worthy opponents when they clash tomorrow. The Airmen are capable of upsetting the strongest opposition but if the Club can reproduce last week's form it will be an even game.

Some time ago a friend told me that I should never try and forecast what the Club would do....and certainly as far as this game is concerned that seems good advice.

However, I feel that if the Club can add forward finishing power to last week's excellent defending they can win although on recent performances the Airmen will start favourites.

Tomorrow Police and CAA will again fight out their undecided Senior Shield match, this time at Causeway Bay. It has been suggested that the Police lost their chance when they didn't manage to finish the job at Boundary Street but I don't think that they are anywhere near out of the competition yet, and I feel that if the ball can be got through to Au Chi-yin and Moss they will still get into the next round.



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Van Heusen *Shirts*

THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

SIXTH RACE MEETING

Monday 27th December 1954 & Saturday 1st January 1955

(To be held under the Rules of the Hong Kong Jockey Club)

THE PROGRAMME WILL CONSIST OF 18 RACES.

The First Bell will be rung at 12 o'clock NOON and the First Race run at 12.30 p.m. on both days.

The Tiffin interval is after the Third Race (1.30 p.m.) on both days.

The Secretary's Office at Alexandra House will close at 10.30 a.m. on both days.

MEMBERS' ENCLOSURE

NO PERSON WITHOUT A BADGE WILL BE ADMITTED.

All persons MUST wear their badges prominently displayed throughout the meeting.

Admission Badges at $10.00 each per day are obtainable through the Secretary on the written or personal introduction of a Member, such member to be responsible for all visitors introduced by him.

Tiffins will be obtainable at the Club House if ordered in advance from the No. 1 Boy (Tel. 72811).

NO CHILDREN will be admitted to the Club's premises during the Meeting. For this purpose a Child is a person under the age of seventeen years, Western Standard.

PUBLIC ENCLOSURE

The price of admission will be $3.00 each per day payable at the Gate.

Any person leaving the Enclosure will be required to pay the requisite fee of $3.00 in order to gain re-admission.

MEALS and REFRESHMENTS will be obtainable in the RESTAURANT.

SERVANTS

Servants must remain in their employer's boxes except for passing through on their duties. They may on no account use the Betting Booths in the Members' Betting Hall.

CASH SWEEPS

Through Cash Sweep Tickets at $18.00 each per day and $36.00 for both days may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Offices during normal office hours until 10.30 a.m. on the first day.

Particular numbers within the series 1 to 4,000 may be reserved for all race meetings as Through Tickets. Such tickets will be issued consecutively only and the right is reserved by the Stewards to cancel any reservation for Through Tickets for a particular Meeting if it is found that sales may not reach the number reserved in the series 1 to 4,000.

In the case of two-day Race Meetings, Through Tickets may be purchased for each day of the Meeting provided that the second day is on a date not less than five days after the first day. In all other cases Through Tickets will only be sold for the whole Meeting.

Tickets reserved and available but not paid for by 10.00 a.m. on Friday, 24th December, 1954, will be sold and the reservation cancelled for future Meetings.

Tickets over 4,000 will also be issued consecutively but particular numbers cannot be reserved as Through Tickets.

The reservation of any particular number does not confer on the registered holder any rights whatsoever unless the ticket bearing the appropriate number is issued to and can be produced by the holder.

The Stewards reserve the right to refuse any subscription also the right to remove any name from subscription lists without stating reasons for their action.

Cash Sweep Tickets on the last race of the Meeting at $2.00 each may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Offices at Queen's Building, (Chater Road), 5, D'Aguilar Street and 382, Nathan Road during normal office hours and until 10.30 a.m. on both days of the Meeting.

SPECIAL CASH SWEEP

Tickets for the Special Cash Sweep on the Pearce Memorial Cup scheduled to be run on 22nd January, 1955, at $2.00 each, may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Offices.

TOTALISATOR

Backers are advised not to destroy or throw away their tickets until after the "all clear" signal has been exhibited.

ALL WINNING TICKETS AND TICKETS FOR REFUNDS MUST BE PRESENTED FOR PAYMENT AT THE RACE COURSE ON THE DAY TO WHICH THEY REFER, NOT LATER THAN ONE HOUR AFTER THE TIME FOR WHICH THE LAST RACE OF THE DAY HAS BEEN SCHEDULED TO BE RUN.

PAYMENTS WILL NOT BE MADE ON TORN OR DISFIGURED TICKETS.

Bookmakers, Tic Tac men, etc. will not be permitted to operate within the precincts of the Hong Kong Jockey Club.

By Order of the Stewards,
H. MIGA,
Secretary.

Blackhawks Play The Americans Tomorrow

Blackhawks will meet the Americans again in a crucial second-round tilt for the championship of the Senior "B" Division this Sunday afternoon at 3.30 p.m.

The Blackhawks suffered a rather unexpected 3-2 setback against the Americans a fortnight ago while they were dreaming of sweeping through the Senior "B" Division without much opposition. It was a great battle in which Yankees outshone their tough opponents by timely base-running and stealing.

But the Blackhawks were off form in every department of the game that day, otherwise they would have had no difficulty in outhitting and outrunning their elder and none-too-fast enemies. Now the round for their revenge has come and they will have to make good this time. Another loss will ruin their bid for the Pennant.

Americans won the last game against the Blackhawks by perfect fielding, which nullified all the efforts of their sturdy opponents. Credit must be given also to chucker Jack Bordwell whose luring soft and slow pitches only resulted in pops and easy flies, and Yankees had the advantage of being the home team.

Now the crucial test has come. Whether they can retain their good form and once again hold the onslaught of the Blackhawks in check remains to be seen.

Two Senior "A" Division matches are arranged for Sunday. The League-leading Saints will battle the Warriors and the Delawares and Braves will meet, but the veteran Braves should easily overpower the young Delawares.

Saints and Warriors will have a close tussle, as the latter have made considerable progress in ball craft. However, their teamwork is not yet in smooth form and the Old Timers should easily manoeuvre their rivals.

Tomorrow morning will see the meeting of the Wahoo Aces and South China Ladies. The Owls, with all their experience and heavy-hitting power, will no doubt come out victors. However, the hard-fighting SCAA Ladies are not to be underestimated. They have a good battery, above-average slugging quality and good understanding among themselves.

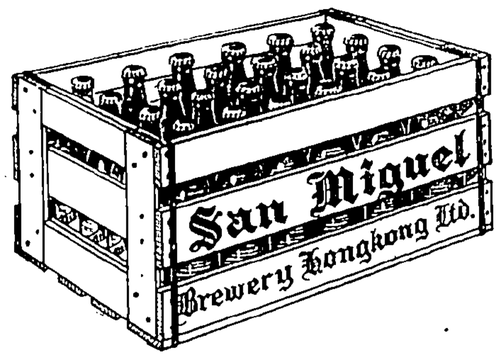


OPENING OF ASIAN TABLE TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS



Mr T. P. F. McNeice, President of the Singapore City Council, addressing the assembled teams at the opening of the Third Asian Table Tennis Championships at Singapore on December 11.—Straits Times Photo.

A merry Christmas



and a jolly good beer

THIS AFTERNOON'S RUGGER

First Round Of The Pentangular Tourney Concludes Today

By "PAK LO"

The last games of the first round of the Pentangular Tournament will be played off this afternoon on the Club ground in Happy Valley. The first of the two games starts at 3.00 p.m. and is between the Police, who are at present occupying the bottom place in the Tournament Table and the RAF.

This will be followed by a game betwixt the Club and the Tournament leaders, the Army, at 4.15 p.m. These will be the last main games this year, as the next games, which are the first round of the Internationals, will be held on January 8, 1955.

Although the Club and the Army are the two top teams in the Tournament Table, it is more than likely that the first game will be the more interesting and exciting.

The Police once more will have the services of Lloyd, now completely recovered from his concussion, and with Marsh in the centre three position have a strong three line, which is no longer scared to tackle.

The pack is not so strong in the loose as it used to be, but their weight should carry them through the set scrums in this game as the RAF are fielding a rather lighter pack than usual.

Davidson will once again be seen in the three line, probably his last appearance on the Hongkong rugby field, as he leaves early in January for the U.K.

The main change in the RAF team is the inclusion at fly half of Taylor for McCarrity.

Sleeman is again hooking and should the pack be able to hold the Police will give his halves, as usual, a good service.

In the lineouts Lamb and Griffiths are capable of taking care of all opposition. On the whole the RAF should get a fair share of the ball, but it is doubtful whether they will break through the stubborn Police defence.

Again the Police so far have lacked the finishing touch when they do get their three line in motion, and unless they get together better, will fare badly.

March is capable of going through on his own, but whether Eden will allow him to do so is a very different matter. However in this match it is highly probable that the Police will break their duck, and win if they do it will be by a small margin

One word of warning to the Police.—"Do not give away penalties to the RAF or you will find the opposition scoring from them, as they have kickers who can score from a good distance out."

THE TEAMS

RAF: Eden, Gammon, Fraser, Davidson, Moore, Taylor, Smith, Pugsley, Sleeman, Miller, Lamb, Griffiths, Davies, Macdonald, Woolf.

Police: Forsyth, Nash, Marsh, Scott, McNiven, Slevin, Lloyd, Shelley, Colborne, Harris, Perry, Todd, Dawson, Carpenter, Bryan.

Club: Stoker, Ewart, Stone, Watson, Morrison, Turville, Henderson, Slack, V. Russell, Rogers, Talamo, Hargroves, Martin, Armstrong-Wright, Petrie.

Army: Patterson, Edwards, Owen, Blincoe, Ingall, Brentford, Purkinson, Beven-Thomas, Reid, Booth, Chisholm, Ferry, Hill, Coulthurst, Eve.

CLUB v ARMY

In the second game the Club have lost Inglis, at least temporarily, and Steven who left for the U.K. yesterday. Both these are serious losses to the Club, and they present a very different three line from that shown last week.

Ewart replaces Inglis on the wing, while Watson once again returns to the fray in the centre three berth. Henderson will again be seen in the scrum half position as Cole is still on the injured list.

Martin, after his showing last week-end, retains his place in the back row of the scrum where he is joined by Armstrong-Wright, who drops back from the second row with the return of Hargfoves.

The Army is fielding the identical team which overcame the Navy on Saturday.

The pack has been going well of late and should worry the Club, though the Club should get a fair share of the ball. But the Club three line does not look too strong. At least with Watson in the centre we shall not see this stupid kicking ahead straight upfield when in possession.

With Turville and Henderson in front of him Watson should get a good service but the wings are the weakest part of the Club line-up.

The Army are by now experts at using any weakness to cut through and score. Brentford is, of course, the danger point and Petrie and Martin will have to watch him carefully, and stop him from getting under way. This should be a fairly close game, but the Army definitely start as the fancied side and if they fail to win I shall be very surprised.

The Club have at times managed to pull that little extra something out of nowhere, and might manage it today. Unless they do so there is little to stop the Army from annexing the Tournament for this year.

HOW THEY STAND

Below is how they stand at present in the table.

	P.	W.	L.	D.	F.	A.	Pts.
Army	3	3	0	0	46	14	6
Club	3	2	1	0	16	19	4
RAF	3	1	1	1	21	14	3
Navy	4	1	2	1	17	22	3
Police	3	0	3	0	3	34	0



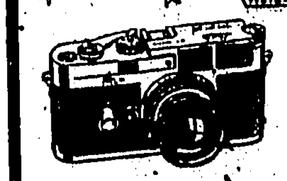
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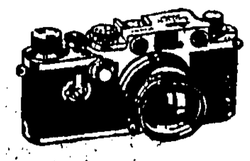
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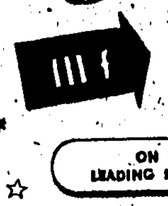
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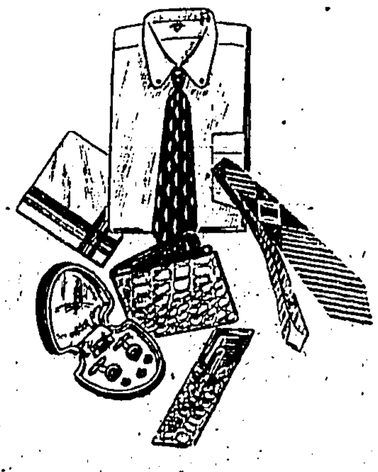
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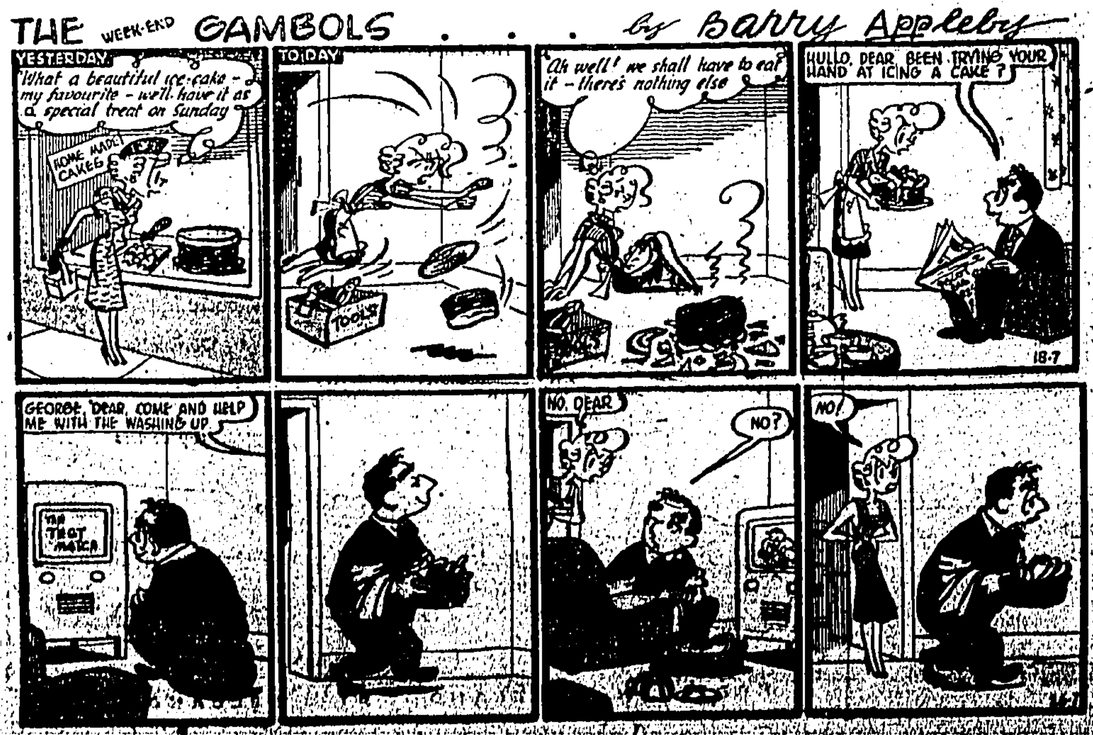
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THE WEEK-END GAMBOLS . . . by Barry Appleby





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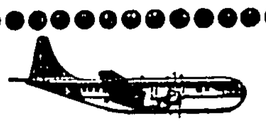
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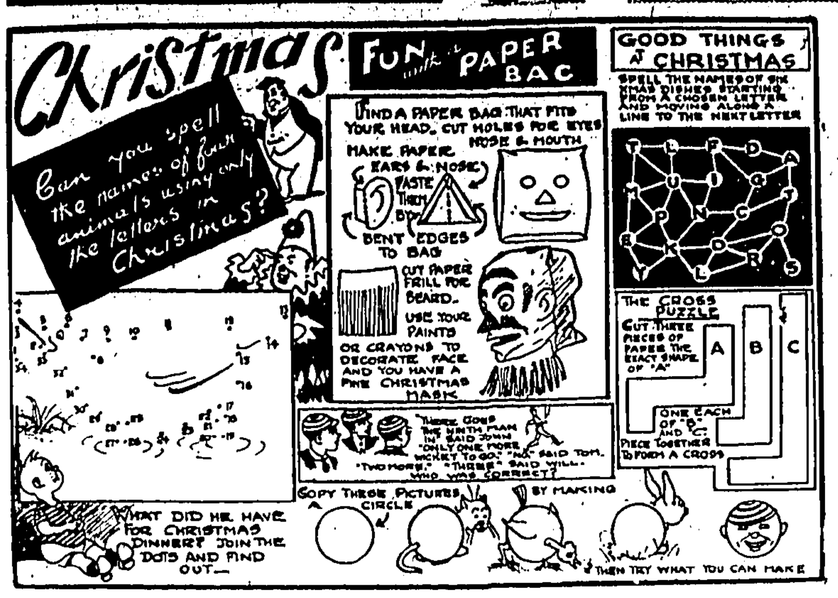
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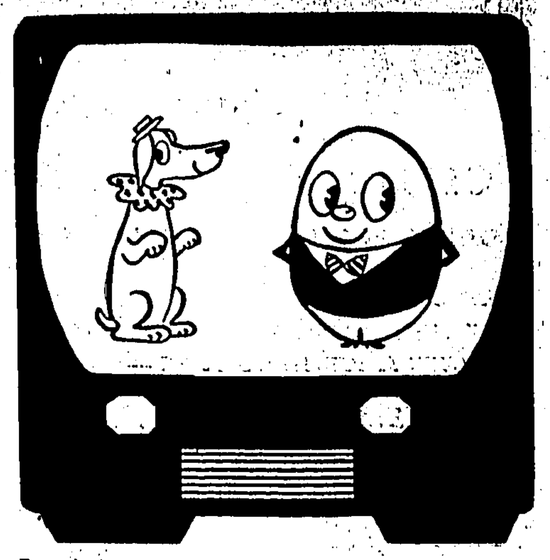
Boys & Girls Christmas Pages



(Solutions on Page 24)

Make Your Own TV Set And

Treat Your Friends To A Show



WOULD you like to have your own TV for Christmas? Well here is one you can make yourself.

It has been specially designed for you and it will give you hours of fun.

It is easy to make too. All you need is a pair of scissors, a pot of paste, and some cardboard.

This is what to do. Cut out the figures in the TV screen and the six figures below it.

Paste them all on cardboard and then cut the cardboard to the shape of the figures.

Now paste loops of paper or thread, large enough to take your first finger on the back of each figure.

Next cut out the remainder of the TV screen (the white part), and paste the TV set on cardboard. Fix a strip of cardboard on the centre back (below the screen), at right angle so that the set will stand up.

Now on with the show. Place a figure on each of your first fingers and make them appear on the TV screen. You can make them do anything you wish by moving your fingers.

Try inventing your own games.

For instance, you can act a play, with a friend operating one figure and you the other. Make up the words as you go along.

Would you like colour TV too? Then paint your figures in gay colours and you'll have it. And why not draw and cut out figures of your own design? You may enjoy that even more.

Now begin. there's plenty of time to rehearse for Christmas.



GENERAL TIN EXPLORED CHRISTMASLAND

By MAX TRELL

KNARF, the shadow-boy with the turned-about name, walked up to General Tin the Tin Soldier, who was standing on guard at the playroom door, and said: "General Tin, you're one of the greatest explorers in the world, aren't you?"

"That's right," said General Tin.

All Kinds of Places

"And," continued Knarf, "you explored all kinds of strange places like Africa and Australia?"

"I did indeed," said General Tin.

"But," said Knarf, "did you ever explore Christmasland?"

For a moment, General Tin the great hunter and explorer, hesitated. Then he answered: "Christmasland? You mean the place where Christmas comes from?"

"Yes," said Knarf.

"Well," said General Tin, "the fact of the matter is that I tried several times to explore Christmasland, but it turned out to be harder to find than I thought."

"I'd like to hear the whole story of that adventure," said Knarf.

"I'll be glad to tell you," said General Tin.

Then General Tin began as follows:

Hard to Find

"I first started looking for Christmasland when I was quite young. In fact, it was the first thing I looked for. For lots of people before me—lots of famous explorers—had tried to find the place where Christmas comes from. But none of them had ever succeeded."

"I think Christmasland is up near the North Pole," said Knarf.



General Tin set out in a ship for the North Pole.

General Tin nodded. "That's what I thought. So I set out with ship and sleds and dogs and snow-shoes and skis for the North Pole. Finally, after great hardships, I reached the North Pole. 'Here I am at last in Christmasland!' I exclaimed joyfully. Then I looked around for the place of the King of Christmasland."

"The King of Christmasland?" said Knarf. "You mean Santa Claus?"

"That's exactly whom I mean," said General Tin. "But alas, I was doomed to disappointment. All I could see was snow and ice, and more snow and ice. To tell you the truth, Knarf, there was nothing at the North Pole but snow and ice. I found some ice palaces, but no one was living in them except polar bears and walruses. I saw no sign whatever of Santa Claus, the King of Christmasland."

"And so," continued General Tin, "I decided to look for Christmasland elsewhere. I got back on board my ship and sailed across many oceans until at length I reached a beautiful island covered with palm trees and flowers. It was like a magnificent garden. 'Here,' I said to myself, 'is where Christmasland must be. For no place in the whole world is more beautiful, and Christmasland must surely be the most beautiful place in the world.'"

"And was it really Christmasland?" Knarf asked eagerly. "And did you find Santa Claus living there?"

Again General Tin shook his head, this time quite sadly. "No, my boy. I didn't find Christmasland on that beautiful island. The birds were there, the flowers were there, but King Santa Claus wasn't there."

"But where could he be?" said Knarf. "Santa Claus must live somewhere."

"That," said General Tin, "is exactly what I thought. He must live somewhere! But where is somewhere?"

Santa Loft Happiness

For several moments Knarf and General Tin were silent.

"So," said General Tin, breaking his silence, "I went home again. And the days went by. And then one day it was Christmas. And on that day, I made a wonderful discover. I discovered where Christmasland really was!"

"You did?" exclaimed Knarf. "Where was it?"

"In every house!" said General Tin. "In every room! In every heart of everybody! I discovered where somewhere was! It was everywhere!"

"And did you find Santa Claus, General Tin?"

"I never really ever saw him," said General Tin. "But I know he was there. He left one thing behind that proved it."

"What thing?" asked Knarf.

"Happiness," said General Tin.

Rupert at Greyrocks Cove—51



Without pausing longer the Scouts move away to decide on their action, but Rupert is soon after them. "We're too late to do anything," he calls. "Look, the smugglers' ship has gone already!" Gazing from the quay they see that the strange vessel is indeed slipping away into the sunset. "You're right," says the Scoutmaster. "We must leave it to the coastguard now. He should be here in a few minutes. Perhaps he will be able to have that ship arrested at sea. Let's hope he will!"

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Gift For Pen Friends

Did you ever think of using hot iron transfer patterns for something besides embroidery?

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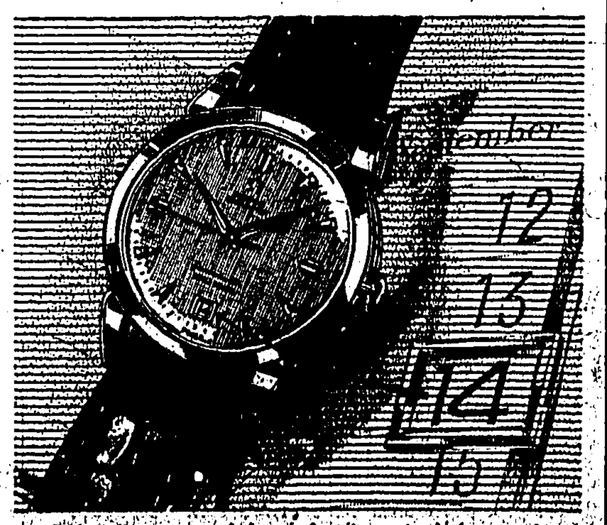


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(THIRD FLOOR)

The CHRISTMAS SPY

By Bernard Newman

DAD suggested we went to the circus instead of the pantomime this year. I jumped at the idea—I mean to say, when a chap's turned seventeen, he's grown out of fairy stories. The girls in the pantos are all right, but the plots are bunk. Mum was a bit disappointed, I think—she likes those 'Will you love me when my hair is grey,' sort of songs.

The fact was that the circus just happened to be in our town over Christmas. Dad said we could go to the panto any old year, but it wasn't often that a good circus came to Leicester at Christmas. Mum agreed with him. She usually does.

Dad gave me the money, and I went to book the seats for the show. When I got back home, George—my big brother!—was there. He's a policeman at Birmingham. Dad likes to call him a detective, but he's still in uniform most of the time. But Dad's just crazy on detective stories — I quite like them myself, though I'm more interested in space travel. Dad thinks that he would have made a good detective himself, and talks a lot about 'logical deduction' — that's his pet phrase.

I must admit, though, that Dad's read a lot and knows his stuff. I remember when George ran in his first 'drunk and disorderly' Dad made him run through the case, using the kitchen as a court and lecturing him on the Judge's Rules, and George told me later that the magistrate complimented him on the way he gave his evidence.

This time, George had a better story. There had been a big factory fire in Birmingham, and George had been on duty. One of the firemen was injured, and two of his pals dashed in to save him—it was really exciting.

"And what started the fire?" Dad asked. That was his 'logic' you see.

"I heard the inspector say that it was sabotage. There have been a lot of cases—Liverpool, Manchester, Sheffield—all over the country."

"And how was it done?"

"Time-bombs. Not clocks—'cigar bombs', they call them."

"I know," said Dad. "Pieces of thin lead piping, the inside divided by a piece of metal. Acids eat their way through it and burst into flames when they meet."

"That's right, Dad. Our chaps found traces of one." George always said that Dad wasn't like other amateurs—he did know what he was talking about.

Dad had lots of questions to ask; who supplied the bombs, and how? But George didn't know any more. Then Mum came in to tell us supper was ready.

But the following night Dad was still busy. He got a map of England and put red spots on the places where there had been saboteur 'incidents' as he called them. Then he tried to work out the 'logic' of it, but couldn't—the places didn't seem to follow in any sensible order.

I got quite excited at the time, but nothing happened, so I went back to my space fiction. But when it was time for our Christmas dinner, I clean forgot all about spies and their cigar bombs.

The circus was smashing. There were some wizard acrobats, and a man who was fired from a big cannon, and football dogs, and a cage full of tigers. I suppose it was only an act, but I really thought that one of the tigers was going to maul the trainer. Mum didn't like it a bit when the trainer put his head inside the tiger's mouth. But Dad wasn't worried. He said the trainer frightened the tiger first.

The tigers were the last turn, and as we went out, I saw the tamer in his leopardskin costume. That reminded me—I ran to get his autograph. He was talking to another man, but he gave me his autograph all right. Androcles, he called himself—I always thought that Androcles was concerned with lions, not tigers. I don't suppose it was his real name, anyway. While he was signing, the cannon man and one of the clowns came up, and I got their autographs as well.

George wasn't with us—he was on duty, but came home the next week-end. Dad got on to him about the sabotage business, but George didn't know any more. By that time Dad had collected a lot of press cuttings about the 'incidents.'

The following week there was a fire in Leicester—a factory which made precision tools was burned down. I saw it myself because I was just coming home from evening classes. The police kept us at a distance, but it was a real thrill.

George pulled Dad's leg next time he was home.

"So you didn't catch him, Dad?"

"Catch who?"

"The saboteur. He was seen—the first time we've had a real clue."

"Who saw him?"

"The night watchman. He nearly caught him, climbing over the fence. He made a grab at him—the fellow dodged, and all the watchman got was a handful of hair."

"Ah! But that is a clue!"

"It certainly is!" George grinned. "The bloke's hair is rather peculiar—it's dyed."

"Dyed!"

"Yes. Near the roots it's dark, but the rest is dyed very fair."

"Oh, blow," said Dad. "The man will know the watchman pulled out some of his hair, so it's ten to one he'll dye the rest another colour."

"Yes. That's what the inspector said. But it's something. The police all over the country are looking for the man. Pity the watchman didn't get a good look at him. Well, I must be off. I'm on duty at two o'clock."

When George had gone, I was quiet for a bit. So was Dad, who was still working on his map.

"By jingo, I've got it!" he shouted—so loud that Mum came running in to see what was wrong.

"Look at this!" Dad produced the circus programme. "Look at its advertisement — 'Fresh from a tremendous Continental tour, and successful visits to London, Bristol, Birmingham, Sheffield, Manchester, Liverpool'—there have been sabotage fires at nearly all these places!"

"But not in that order, Dad."

"That doesn't matter. Wait a minute—let's compare dates!" He seemed disappointed — the fires didn't coincide with the circus visits. "But no, of course—our fire came after the circus had gone. Now—yes, by jingo, I've got it! In every case, the fire followed the visit of the circus!"

"But what does that mean?" Mum asked.

"Why, don't you see, the spy must be in the circus! What a cover! He could carry his bombs around easily among all that paraphernalia. And the circus has come from the Continent!"

"But how could he plant the bombs in the factories?"

"Oh, he must have local accomplices. We must watch the circus—"

"What—all those people? There must have been a hundred or more."

"Yes. It's really a job for the police," Dad admitted. "That's a pity—when logic has led us so far—"

"We can go a bit further, Dad," I said. "When I got the tiger-tamer's autograph, there was a man talking to him—and I've just remembered that the man had dyed hair. I noticed it when the light—"

It isn't often that Dad gets really excited, but he was now. He clapped me on the back quite hard.

"The circus is at Nottingham this week—I saw it in the paper," he said. "We're going there tomorrow!"

And we did! Mum went in to see the show, in case anything happened, but Dad and I hung about outside. It was easy to hide ourselves among all the trucks around the tent. We soon found the caravan of Androcles, the tiger-tamer; we saw him in his leopardskin. Then, the little corridor from the cage to the ring was opened, and the tigers slunk along it.

Dad got busy. He's a good mechanic, and studied keys in some of his detective books. He soon undid the lock on the outside of the tigers' cage, and went in. I kept watch outside.

Soon I had to whisper a warning, as a man came along. Dad lay down for a bit till the chap had gone. Then I saw him working on the floorboards of the cage—just above those big equipment boxes that hang beneath it.

I looked at my watch. "Hurry up, Dad!" I whispered.

"Shan't be long. But I must leave everything as I found it."

There was a little hole in the tent. I could see that Androcles was nearly through his turn. The tiger nearly mauling him was an act, by the way, because it happened again.

Then there was a big burst of applause; the turn was over. I started hard down the iron-fenced corridor.

"Look out, Dad!" I yelled. "The tigers are coming!"

"Golly! Hold them up while I get out!"

I had a walking stick, and pushed it through the bars. It wouldn't hold the tigers up for long, of course—and, anyway, somebody would come along to see what was happening. But it did give Dad time to get out of the cage.

"Good work!" he said. "And look at these!" He pulled two cigar bombs out of his pocket. "There are lots more in the box under the cage. Androcles is the distributor all right—what a cover! Who'd think of going into a tiger's den?"

"Well, you did, Dad."

We collected Mum, and made for the police station. Boy! Were they pleased! They raided the cage—after getting the tigers out!—and arrested Androcles. He gave away some of his accomplices, and the sabotage plot was foiled.

There's some talk of giving Dad a medal—the M.B.E., I think. Mum thinks it would be nice, because she wants to go to Buckingham Palace to see the Queen. But Dad says I'm not a very good detective writer—he says I should have stated the problem in my first sentence and the solution in the last.

Still, he did agree that my account of the incident was 'logical'—so perhaps that's all that matters.



FLY PAL TO

MANILA

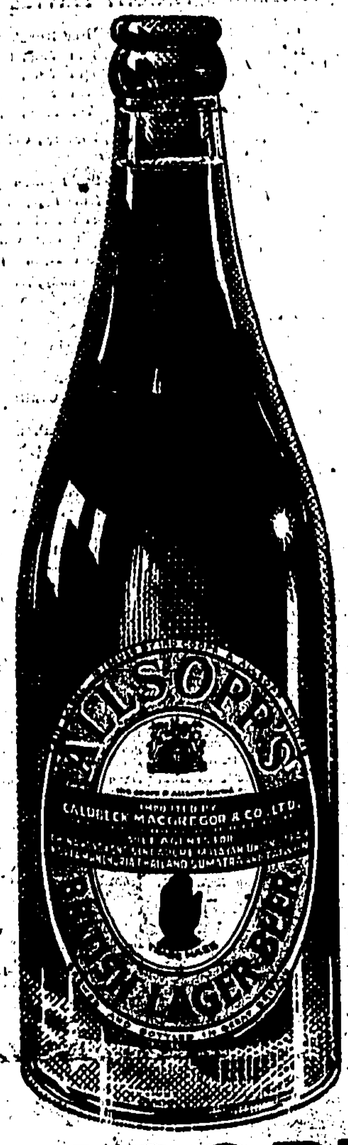
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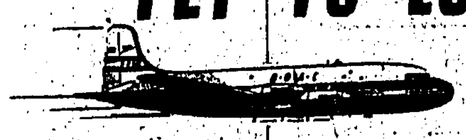


ALLSOPP'S

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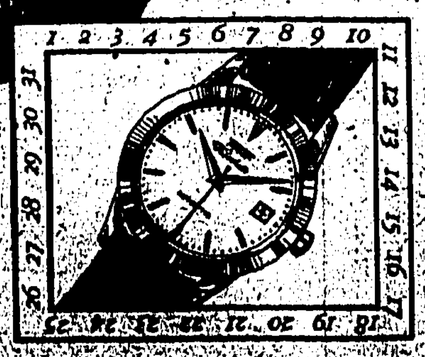
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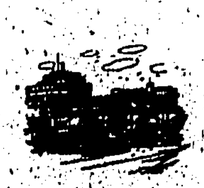
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JACOBY ON BRIDGE

Luck, Intuition Are In The Game

By OSWALD JACOBY

THE hand shown today was probably the most-discussed hand of the recent national tournament in Washington. It was played in a crucial team match, and the result of the hand was enough to give the winning team its victory.

In both rooms the final contract was six spades, and in both cases the bidding strongly suggested that the defenders would do well to open a heart. There the resemblances ended.

In the open room, Billy Rosen opened the deuce of diamonds from the West hand. He was afraid that the appearance of haste in leading the ace of hearts might suggest that he had prospects of a trump trick.

After much thought, Sam Stayman, the declarer, won in dummy with the king. East followed suit with the three of diamonds, and Stayman decided that the opening lead had not been a singleton. His reasoning was that East might well have signalled with the jack of diamonds if he had held all the missing cards in the suit.

It seemed likely, therefore, that West had led from length. If West had length in diamonds, he might be short in spades, Stayman reasoned. It was a very slim argument, to be sure but there didn't seem to be much evidence in either direction.

Thinking that West might be short in spades, Stayman led the ace of spades from the dummy at the second trick. That was a fatal misstep. West was now sure of a trump trick and his ace of hearts, and the slam was defeated.

In the closed room, Alvin Roth led the ace of hearts from the West hand. Rightly or wrongly, Clifford Bishop, the declarer, assumed that West probably had prospects of a trump trick and that he certainly couldn't be void of spades. Hence Bishop won his first trump trick with the king and discovered the location of the spade while he was still in position to finesse for it. In this room the slam was made without difficulty.

The experts have been arguing from that day to this about whether it is wise or unwise to lead the ace of hearts in this situation, and about whether a player who leads the ace of hearts should be played for three trumps or for no trumps at all. No matter how long they argue, the fact remains that one player did make the right decision by a good guess, or accurate intuition, or whatever you want to call it.

	NORTH	29
	♠ A9643	
	♥ 8	
	♦ AK6	
	♣ AJ76	
WEST		EAST
♠ Q82		♠ None
♥ AQJ3		♥ 1096542
♦ 1072		♦ J983
♣ 1082		♣ 953
	SOUTH (D)	
	♠ KJ1075	
	♥ K7	
	♦ Q54	
	♣ KQ4	

Neither side vulnerable

South	West	North	East
1 ♠	Pass	3 ♣	Pass
4 ♣	Pass	4 ♦	Pass
4 ♠	Pass	4 N.T.	Pass
5 ♣	Pass	6 ♠	Pass
Pass	Pass		

Opening lead—♦ 2

CARD Service

Q—With neither side vulnerable, the bidding has been:

North	East	South	West
1 Spade	2 Clubs	3 Spades	Pass
Double	Pass	?	

You, South, hold: Spades K-8-3-2, Hearts Q-6-5, Diamonds 7-3-2, Clubs 9-6-3. What do you do?

A—Bid two spades. You are quite content to make this bid, but you cannot afford to give your partner any real encouragement with your mere 5-points and worthless distribution.

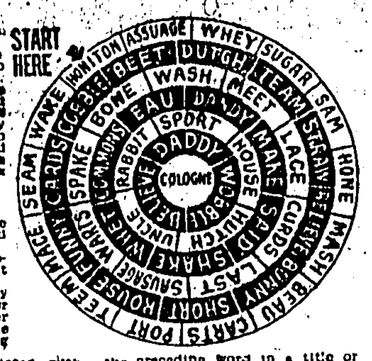
TODAY'S QUESTION

The bidding is the same as in the question just answered. You, South, hold: Spades K-6-3-2, Hearts Q-6-5, Diamonds J-7-3-2, Clubs 5-3. What do you do?

Answer on Monday

DARTWORDS

TODAY Dartwords take the form of a journey from Honiton in Devon, to Cologne, in Germany. Your route will become apparent when you rearrange the other 48 words in such a way that the relationship between any word and the one next to it is governed by one of six rules.



RULES

1. The word may be an anagram of the word that precedes it.
2. It may be a synonym of the word that precedes it.
3. It may be found by adding one letter to, or subtracting one letter from, or changing one letter in the preceding word.
4. It may be associated with the preceding word in a saying, simile, metaphor or association of ideas.
5. It may form with the preceding word a name of a well-known person, place or thing in fact or fiction.
6. It may be associated with the preceding word in a title or in the action of a book play or other composition.

A typical succession of words might be — Yorn — Horn — Ham — Mar — Mark — Twain — Both — Bath.

Solution on Monday

(Solution on Page 24)

• BY • THE • WAY •

by Beachcomber

A CORRESPONDENT asks how it is that I often succeed in anticipating the news. Without wishing to boast, I can only say that it is because I am a journalist to the tips of my long, tapering, artistic fingers. If I have more "scoops" to my credit than my colleagues, it is merely that I have an uncanny instinct or sixth sense. When I was running the old Rochdale Observer in Gatton Street, I often had a man at a fire which was not due to break out until the next day. I admit, but with all modesty, that you will find bits of news in this column which are missed by all the other papers.

Scoop

THE eucalyptus trees which were planted the wrong way up, by mistake, in Kensington Gardens, are to be removed. Their place will be taken, temporarily, by a double line of dwarf junipers imported from Norway. If these die they will be replaced by plastic birches in three shades.

(Enter the elves Groplossom and Quartbottle.)

Basse Cuisine

AS I was dreaming of the Pre Catelan and the Pavillon d'Armenonville, of Larue, Foyot, Ledoyen, Fouquet, and the Vert Galant, my roving eye was caught by a headline in a paper. It said, with simple eloquence, "Seaweed Sausages." It was not a recipe, but an item of news. "Fish sausages are being made with seaweed skins, and also with pork skins." It should be an easy step from this to porridge sausages in plum skins, and ice-cream sausages in fish skins. There is no end to the dainties which modern enterprise places at our disposal.

He couldn't get out of his hat

A GOSSIP writer, with one eye to the keyhole, another to the ground, and a spare one to the grindstone, reports that a certain peer "always looks better in his hat." Right, I know what to do about that.

There's nothing like plenty of glue,
When calling round for a chat,
He began to say "How-do-you-do?"
But he couldn't get out of his hat.

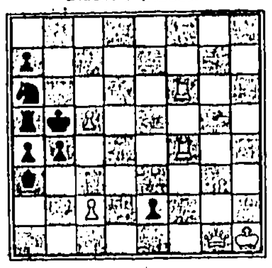
He tugged and pulled like the deuce,
And he staggered all over the mat,
But it wasn't a bit of use—
He couldn't get out of his hat.

The smartest people in town
Grow tired of a thing like that,
And a man must be rather a clown
If he can't get out of his hat.

CHESS PROBLEM

By S. HERLAND

Black, 8 pieces.



White, 6 pieces.

White to play: mate in three.

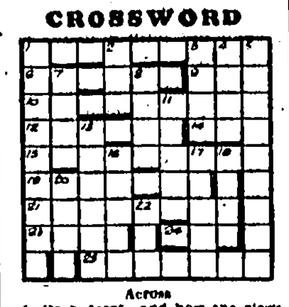
Solution to yesterday's problem:

1, K×P, any; 2, Q, or K (dis ch) mates.

DUMB-BELLS



CROSSWORD



Across

1. Drab Ascot—and how the views get around. (9)
6. To be ambitious. (6)
9. Busy little fellow. (8)
10. Does this fish come from Russia? (2, 6)
12. Stupefy. (6)
14. Some people —— out their income with odd jobs (3)
15. A girl hidden in the kind of Cantata Siamese people play (9)
19. A new pointed structure goes on the church? (7)
21. Badge of office goes among this. (8)
23. Assort. (4)
24. Jamaica has a literary one in Cornwall. (3)
25. Let in the deep mixture. (7)

Down

1. His culture is obviously lacking. (9)
2. Take this, all you who Six Across! (3)
3. Seaman Beal? (4)
4. Hide, and this will make you a game. (4)
5. The French talk closely. (4, 1, 4)
7. Children should be this and inaudible, it is said. (4)
8. Linked with moth in corruption. (4)
11. You can do this a lot if you keep your eyes open. (8)
13. It's a big blow when these bands come marching in. (6)
16. Why is this puzzle like Coventry? Because this is the third hidden in it. (8)
17. Is timed Paris and the sea. (8)
18. Oil on the troubled waters may be some help here! (4)
20. It often goes with malice. (4)
22. Dollar one worries the Chancellor. (3)

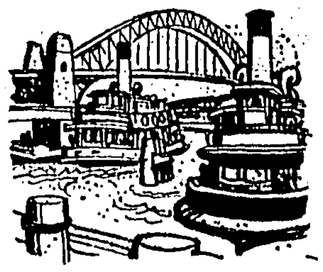
A	N	A	T	O	M	I	S	T						
G	A	D	A	R	I	D	H	E						
I	S	O	L	A	T	I	O	N						
T	A	R	T	E		E		E						
A	L	M	O	M	M	E	M							
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O	R	E	P	I	S	T	O	N						
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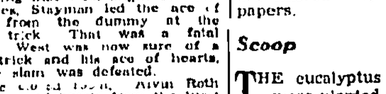
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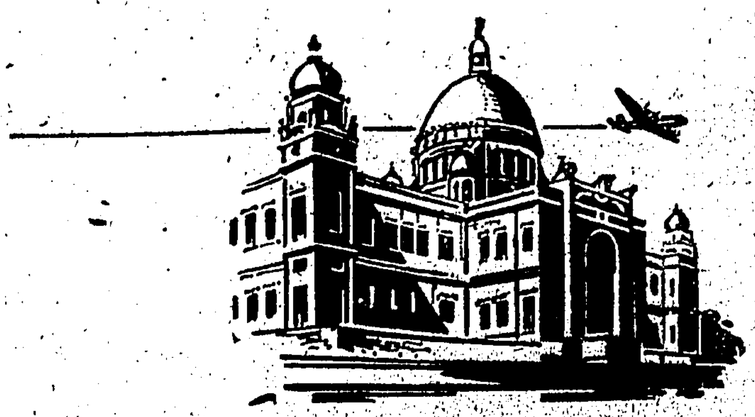
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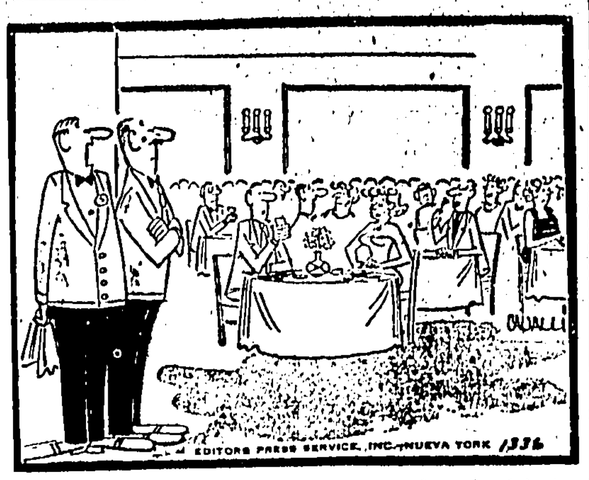
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"Wouldn't it be nice if they all ate at home and just mailed in their tips?"

YOUR BIRTHDAY... By STELLA

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18

BORN today, you are so much the individualist that you may find difficulty in adapting yourself to a large organisation. You are essentially the idealist who believes in working out his own perfection without intervention from others. You don't mind competition, for it gives you the opportunity you crave for fighting for your ideas! But you want to fight your battles alone, standing on your own feet! It would not do you, or your ambitions, any harm to learn to be a little more politic and co-operative. You might find that your objective is reached a little earlier and sooner.

You have a magnetic personality which is somewhat hidden beneath a quiet, reserved exterior. Only those who know you best realise the power that lies behind this apparently calm facade. You have strong emotions and your moods are often more tempestuous than you would want the world at large to know. Repressions of your naturally sentimental and loving nature will lead to moods of depression, even morbidity.

An early marriage to someone who understands your temperament; who will constantly encourage you in your ambitions; and who can fully comprehend the depth of your convictions could bring emotional balance into your life. You might then find the secret of working as a team and exceptional success could be yours.

Among those who were born on this date are: Lyman Abbott and Parkes Cadman, noted clergymen; Edward MacDowell, composer; George D. Prentiss, noted editor, and Alfred B. Street, author.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 19

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—A fine day! Seek spiritual inspiration and guidance and you can be sitting on top of the world.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—There may be an undercurrent of uneasiness but if your attitude is right, it won't touch you at all.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—Attendance at the church of your choice will give you spiritual lift which can prove helpful just now.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—Hold close to your ideals and you will find that they are definitely in the realm of attainment.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—Today, the only thing you have to worry about is the other fellow! See that your rights are not invaded.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—Conservative action and a prudent answer, even under severe provocation, can save much annoyance.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—Seek spiritual advice if you are confused or puzzled over some problem. It will help you find a solution.

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—Take no risks today. If asked to make an important decision, postpone it until you can think it over.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—Caution is the guide-post to safety right now. Look before you leap into anything new or unfamiliar.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—You can avert an upset by being careful. But a thoughtless accident could cause serious trouble.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—Although your ambitions are about to be realised, there are minor handicaps still to be overcome.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—This can be a day of pleasurable recreation for you. Visit close friends or relatives and enjoy yourself.

BORN today, you have vaunting ambition and the will to accomplish successfully everything that you undertake. You have an optimistic, positive attitude toward life and nothing appears to discourage you, once you have set your eyes on a definite goal. The stars have been kind in bequeathing you many talents. It is up to you to choose what you wish to do—and then go about doing it. If you do not reach an early success, you will have no one but yourself to blame. You can be what you desire to be!

Although you have tremendous physical energy and mental vitality, you are inclined to be extravagant in the expenditure of these powers. When faced with a job to do, you labour unremittingly at it until it is accomplished. You permit no letup until the job is done. You are a stern disciplinarian and those who do not know the softer side of your nature often think you have no "heart"—that you are all brain. But those close to you know the difficult battle you wage between your emotions and what you consider your stern duty.

You are happiest when you are fighting for some "cause" which will benefit those less fortunate than yourself. Any reform programme which can enlist your support is, indeed, fortunate.

Among those who were born on this date are: Edwin M. Stanton, Lincoln's Secretary of War; Oliver La Farge, author; Minnie Maddern Fiske, actress; H. C. Frick, steel magnate; Mary A. Livermore, reformer; and Donald B. Armstrong, hygienist.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 20

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—One of those days when everything seems to work out exactly as you had dreamed it would!

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—Continue along the lines of work which will ultimately gain your major objective.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—Last-minute Christmas preparations are in order! See that all mail packages are sent off.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—An excellent day for all your efforts. Take full advantage to make important progress in the job.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—Not your day for romance. Make sure you don't say something unpolitic and thus become the cause of argument.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—Follow your usual pattern of work. It is better not to try anything too spectacular just now.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—You can follow well-made plans, but it is not the time to go off the deep end for a risky venture.

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—The impact of your personality may be the deciding factor in some important decision. Develop it.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—Whatever techniques have worked successfully in the past will now operate again in your favour.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—This could be a day of very pleasant surprises. The stars are kind and are smiling in your direction.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—Dreams can come true—and this is one of the days when it happens. Be prepared for something exciting.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—Following your usual routine will bring the best results. Don't expect the impossible, however.

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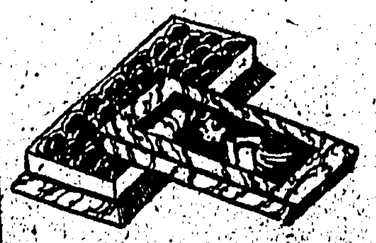
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Page 24 SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1954.

SHEAFFER'S ADMIRAL
"SNORKEL" PEN

GREECE OPPOSES U.K.

Sharply Divided Over Cyprus Question

United Nations, Dec. 17.

The United Nations closed discussion of the Cyprus question today without any action, but Greece and Britain took sharply opposing views on whether the issue was off the United Nations books or still alive.

The United Nations General Assembly adopted unanimously the Political Committee's resolution which blocked any decision on Greece's demand that the people of Cyprus be permitted to determine their own political future.

The British delegate, Mr Anthony Nutting, said that the resolution was merely procedural and did not involve United Nations competence in the matter. He interpreted it as meaning that the issue is now definitely removed from the United Nations' list of unfinished items.

But the Greek Ambassador, Mr Alexis Kyrou, retorted sharply that the Assembly had merely voted a "moratorium" on the dispute and that it can be raised again at any time, by any member of the United Nations. He insisted that the resolution, which was supported by Britain, constituted full recognition of United Nations competence to act on the matter.

COMMONSENSE

Mr Nutting said that the vote of the Assembly of 50 in favour, none against and eight abstentions, not to give further consideration to the Cyprus question "represents a great and important victory for commonsense."

He said it showed United Nations support for Britain's argument that a full-dress discussion on Cyprus "could achieve no useful purpose."

Mr Nutting continued:

"The overwhelming majority of the Assembly, including the Greek delegation, have recorded their view that the adoption of any substantive resolution is inappropriate and that consideration of this item should be taken no further. By this resolution, the General Assembly has not merely postponed consideration of the matter. It has taken a decision that in the circumstances of our time, it would be unwise to bring this explosive matter into the arena of contentious debate."

He re-stated that the British view was that the resolution was procedural and Britain's vote "should not be taken to imply acceptance of the Assembly's right to take up the substantive consideration of this matter right now or in the future."

But Mr Kyrou took a directly opposing view and said:

"The affirmative vote of the delegate of the United Kingdom is a formal recognition on the part of his Government of the fact that what the British Government had persistently called a domestic and closed forever issue has become a wide open international problem."

"AMPLE WITNESS

Mr Kyrou said that the course of the Committee's debate gives "ample witness to the fact that the question of Cyprus is and remains open."

He said that the discussion allowed the British Government "and other colonialists" to state their views but "at the same time it afforded to other governments which really believe in the principle of self-determination—and prove it by deeds and not by words alone—the occasion to make their voices heard.

"To all those who have faith, as we have, in the inherent sense of fairness and justice of public opinion, such an airing of the Cyprus issue was a most welcome development.

"The resolution which we just adopted grants a moratorium to Great Britain in respect of Cyprus. My Government is not at all opposed to this moratorium. We have always tried to see the right of self-determination of the Cypriot people implemented directly from London and... we persist in this course, despite our many disappointments.

"But what if our patience and our renewed confidence—and now this confidence is also shared by the United Nations—fails to illicit any response from Great Britain?

"Then the Cypriot people, the Greek people and the freedom-loving peoples of the world will expect not only Greece but also some other member state or group of member states to take the initiative in reactivating before the United Nations the case of the right to freedom of the Cypriot people and to uphold this right through to its final vindication."

TIME BEING

Mr Kyrou said he voted for the resolution only because of the insertion of the clause that it was not appropriate to act on Cyprus "for the time being."

"It altered altogether the intent and purpose of the original New Zealand proposal," he said. "Whereas the aim of that proposal was to have the United Nations wash its hands off the Cyprus issue . . . the amendment, on the contrary, keeps this issue on the United Nations' books.

"In the light of this provision, the resolution adopted purports to postpone for the time being the taking of a decision on a question which remains pending before the United Nations," he concluded.—United Press.

Husband Not Angry

Wellington, N. Z. Dec. 17.

Charged with beating his wife over the head with an axe handle, Ernest Foote, 33, pleaded that if he had intended to harm her, he would not have used that part of the axe.

Police in Lower Hutt court alleged that Foote became angry when he found the axe in his house and struck his wife five or six times over the head with the handle and then once with his fist.

Foote received 14 days' hard labour.—China Mail Special.

More Paper Wanted From China

London, Dec. 17.

Mr Arthur Lewis, a Labour Member of Parliament, served notice today that he will ask the President of the Board of Trade next week to grant import licences to business firms other than the Newsprint Supply Company for the import of newsprint from Communist China.

Mr Lewis asked the President of the Board of Trade, Mr Peter Thorneycroft, yesterday whether he was aware that the Chinese Government had available for export first quality newsprint for sterling and whether as this would save much needed dollars, he would investigate the possibility of importing this commodity from China.

Mr Thorneycroft, in a written reply, said that this was a question for the Newsprint Supply Company, a bulk-buying organisation sponsored by the Government.

Mr F. P. Bishop, Manager of the Newsprint Supply Company, said last night it had "some approaches" from agents in London about the possibility of supplies of Chinese newsprint but had not been able to follow them up.

The Company was perfectly ready to consider any definite proposal.—Reuter.

POLICE STRIKERS ARRESTED

Calcutta, Dec. 17.

Troops raided police barracks and police stations in the Howrah district today and arrested more than 1,000 policemen on a hunger strike for more pay.

The hunger-strikers, including those who were hospitalised during the past few days, were taken to gaols. The troops were equipped with steel helmets and Bren guns.

Later, the "Eastern Frontier Rifles," a semi-military Police group which protects the India-Pakistan border, replaced the striking policemen in Howrah.

Observers believed this was a prelude to complete military control.

The police hunger strike continued in other districts.

UNRULY

Officials who directed the raid in Howrah said that such action was necessary because the strikers "were becoming increasingly unruly."

The officials said that "outside influences" were inciting the strikers.

The Calcutta Communist leader, Jyoti Basu, issued a statement saying that though the Communists think the total police expenditure in West Bengal is adequate, they also believe that police funds are "wasted in undesirable channels such as spying."

Mr Basu suggested that there be an immediate reapportionment of current expenses to allow higher wages to the constabulary.—United Press.

CHRISTMAS CROSSWORD SOLUTION

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1. Steward. 2. Present. 3. Lemons. 5. Crackers. 6. Opposo. 7. Antler. 13. Increase. 14. Embrace. 15. Friends. 16. Carols. 17. Rotten. 19. Tinsel.

Hawthorn And Moss Unfit

London, Dec. 17.

A Government spokesman today said that two leading British racing motorists, Mike Hawthorn and Stirling Moss had not been called up for military service because of their "complete physical unfitness."

Mr Harold Watkinson, Under-Secretary of the Ministry of Labour, told the House of Commons this during a debate on national service.

Mr Emanuel Shinwell, a former Labour Defence Minister, said he was surprised when he read about the physical incapacity of "these daring young fellows whose work brings applause."

He wondered whether they were likely to encounter greater hardship doing national service than racing around dirt tracks. If they were capable of doing one thing they should do the other.—Reuter.

DARTWORDS SOLUTION

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Farmer Found Wives Hard To Handle

Singapore, Dec. 17.

A Chinese farmer here has found from practical experience it is far easier and safer to handle his crops than to tackle two wives.

The farmer, Chew Soo-kuen appeared in the Sixth Police Court to answer a charge of failure to maintain his wives and children.

SLAPPED HIM

As Chew was walking up to his seat before the Magistrate, wife No. 1 sprang on him and slapped him on the face.

Two escorting policemen had to intervene to save Chew from further beating.

While his wife No. 2 was giving evidence from the witness box, with his five children clinging to her, wife No. 1 rushed at Chew with raised hands.

Court clerks intervened and saved him.

The farmer told the Magistrate that he had no money to pay for maintenance as his wife No. 2 had sold his property while he was away from home.

As Chew was walking out of the Courtroom after the Magistrate had made an order that he pay $50 (Malayan) a month to his wife No. 2 from January next year, wife No. 1 made a third futile bid to hit her husband, but Chew was escorted by a Police cordon to safety.—United Press.

Frog War Blamed For Floods In Malaya

Singapore, Dec. 17.

As the battle against disastrous floods continue throughout Malaya superstitious housewives of the village of Baka Arang in Central Kedah State, North Malaya, blamed the recent frog war for the present sufferings.

A keeper of a Chinese temple at Baka Arang said that some form of disaster usually followed a frog war. He recalled that three years before the outbreak of the Pacific war two species of frogs battled in the village, using sword grass as weapons.

"This time," the temple keeper, Tan Cjek-cheng, said, "the frogs fought without weapons and this indicated an impending catastrophe from natural elements."

SWIRLING WATERS

Meanwhile, swirling waters of the Malayan floods continue to take a heavy toll in life and property.

In Singapore a 14-year-old Chinese girl was drowned and three others were swept away when a sampan evacuating a family of six capsized at a flooded village.

The boat struck a sewerage pipeline, wobbled and overturned.

Rescuers later found the body of the girl pinned under a bridge but the three others were still missing.

An R.A.F. Valetta aircraft on a supplies dropping mission yesterday in North Malaya radioed headquarters at Kuala Lumpur that it could not find Rompin village after a two-hour search of Central Pahang State.

Numerous other villages in north and south Malaya had to be supplied from the air as land transport continued to be crippled.

In Singapore, the Governor, Sir John Nicoll, was personally directing operations from a relief and rescue centre while in the Federation of Malaya the High Commissioner flew in a Royal Navy helicopter over many flooded areas to assess the destruction.—United Press.

Hongkong's Table Tennis Victory

Singapore, Dec. 17.

Displaying devastating form, Hongkong's two teams won the Baroda Cup for men and the Kamala Ramanujan Cup for women in the Third Asian Table Tennis Championships here tonight.

Hongkong's men beat Singapore by five games to one while the women beat Korea three to one.

The results were (the Baroda Cup): Sih Su-chu (Hongkong) lost to Loh Heng-chew (Singapore) 10-21, 14-21; Chu Cheung-ling beat Poon Weng-hoe 21-14, 21-15; Chung Ching-shing beat Soh Cheow-hor 21-8, 20-16; Sih Su-chu beat Poon Weng-hoe 24-22, 21-16; Chung Ching-shing beat Loh Heng-chew 21-16, 20-19; Chu Cheung-ling beat Soh Cheow-hor 21-17, 21-12.

The Kamala Ramanujan Cup: Baguio Wong (Hongkong) beat Ha Yong Ja (Korea) 21-9, 21-6; Lau Wai-lim lost to Wie Sang Suk 21-19, 5-21, 14-21; Baguio Wong beat Wie Sang-Suk 21-12, 21-16; Baguio Wong and Lau Wai-lim beat Ha Yong Ja and Wie Sang Suk 21-9, 15-21, 21-17.—France-Presse.

UNIVERSITY SIN SURVEY HOAX

Glasgow, Dec. 17.

A "survey of sin" among University students which revealed a high incidence of drunkenness, drug-taking and sex abnormality was meant as a joke, it was disclosed today.

The survey was published in the University magazine yesterday. It said that 39 per cent of the women admitted taking drugs to aid studying.

Eighty-seven per cent of the men and 74 per cent of the women answered "Yes" to the question: "Do you believe that any forms of sexual perversion are practised among Glasgow students?" and 91 per cent of the women and 87 per cent of the men admitted having been under the influence of alcohol.

Today, after the story had been prominently played in British morning papers, the magazine's editor, 21-year-old Archie Bayvel admitted the survey was another of the light-hearted jokes for which Glasgow students are noted.—China Mail Special.

Adultery With Choir-Master

Manchester, Dec. 17.

Insurance clerk Walter Ryden, a Baptist Chapel deacon, today won a divorce on grounds his wife committed adultery with the chapel's choir-master.

Mr Ryden twice forgave his wife, Marion. But he refused to forgive a third time when he returned from a chapel meeting and found choir-master, Mr Henry Briggs, hiding behind the bathroom door.

The Judge ordered Mr Briggs to pay the husband £800 damages and awarded him custody of the couple's three children, aged from seven to 10.—United Press.

BOYS AND GIRLS PAGE SOLUTIONS

FOUR ANIMALS IN THE WORD CHRISTMAS: Cat, Rat, Hart, Ass.

CRICKET QUERY: Will was correct. When the ninth man went in the eighth man was still batting, so the eighth, ninth and tenth men had to be got out.

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DR. SCHOLL'S Foot Comfort Service, Telephone House (Mezzanine). Hongkong offers your feet a happy Christmas. Look in today while shopping.

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